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MAY, 1959

# HI-LIFE

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**NO GARBO SHE...  
HERE'S ONE SWEDE  
WHO DOESN'T  
"VANT TO BE  
LET ALONE..."**



# HI-LIFE

**ARTICLES: for men only; HUMOR: for men only; FICTION: for men only; GLAMOR: for men only!**



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Smitty leaned irritably against the gray stone building that reeked of disinfectant, a cigarette dangling from his lips, his GI helmet tipped far back on his head. Smitty was a combat medic, but the building against which he leaned on this sunny morning in Cherbourg was a prophylactic station.

"I'm just a standin' target for the Krauts," Smitty had complained before D-Day in the staging area back in England, but the plain truth was, Smitty belonged to an outfit which even now, D plus forty or so, had yet to hear a gun fired in anger, or see blood spilled in mortal combat.

The U.S. Army, with its own peculiar brand of efficiency, had placed Smitty's prophylactic station directly across the street from the somewhat shattered building that served as the local *Maison de Joie*. Already there was a long line of unsoldierly-looking troops before the *maison*—all from Smitty's outfit. (What else? The rest of the Army was battering at St. Lo.)

Two men came sheepishly out of the building, and Smitty twirled a

# **ZONE**



thumb at both of them. "Inside," he said irritably.

"What for?" one muttered, a kid of less than voting age. "Wham bam, thank you ma'am—I didn't even get near it."

"Inside," Smitty intoned again, and his bored eyes drifted away, down the cobbled street. A jeep whirled up and Smitty still remained slouched against the building. He nodded slightly at the short sandy-haired captain who climbed wearily out of the jeep, surveyed the long line before the *maison*, grinned cynically, then came over to lean against the building with Smitty.

He wore the caduceus of the medical officer pinned to his rumpled fatigues, a disillusioned civilian-type long suffering under the assaults of goldbricks with mysterious ailments, plus the ravages of too much 180 proof ethyl laced with grapefruit juice. He nodded somberly to Smitty, then rubbed eyes like a pair of anemic maraschino cherries.

With a faint sigh the captain unfolded a copy of *Stars & Stripes*.

There was a picture of a combat medic on his belly, worming along, with shattered debris all about and a huge Tiger tank burning in the background.

"No sick call Sallies for him," he said, showing the picture to Smitty. Smitty's face turned a dull red.

"We'd be there if the old man wasn't a bottle-baby," he said. "The whole goddamned COM-Z knows he's a lush. That's why we're reserve battalion to a reserve battalion to a reserve battalion—"

The captain bit off a cigar and lit it appreciatively. "The colonel wants that combat pay as much as you do, slugger," he said softly. "But he made a mistake over in Burley by turning in that report, and now SHAEF thinks we're all a bunch of degenerates or worse—" He laughed a little.

Smitty stiffened. "It wasn't even our outfit. It was that stinkin' Port Battalion. Everybody knows that—"

The captain shook his head sadly. "The old man sent me—me, a Johns Hopkins man, over to inspect that old

bag's cows. I often wonder what he expected me to find."

They were silent then, each watching the raucous line before the *maison*, each thinking of the incident of cows. It had happened near the little village of Burley, in the south of England in May, '44. Troops and hardware were jammed into every square inch of the countryside, men sleeping in and alongside farms; pigs, geese, cattle wandering through camps, no furloughs, every day like the one before: practice, practice, restricted to the area—no women.

One day one of the locals, a woman with arms and shoulders like a prize bull, was escorted into the old man's tent. The old man, Colonel Andrew Jellicoe, a confirmed Whitehorse drinker, a two-bottle a day man, sitting there, listening to the rain on the tent, nipping at his Whitehorse, dreaming deeds of derring-do and promotion, when this woman informed him that she'd found several of her cows tied to trees.

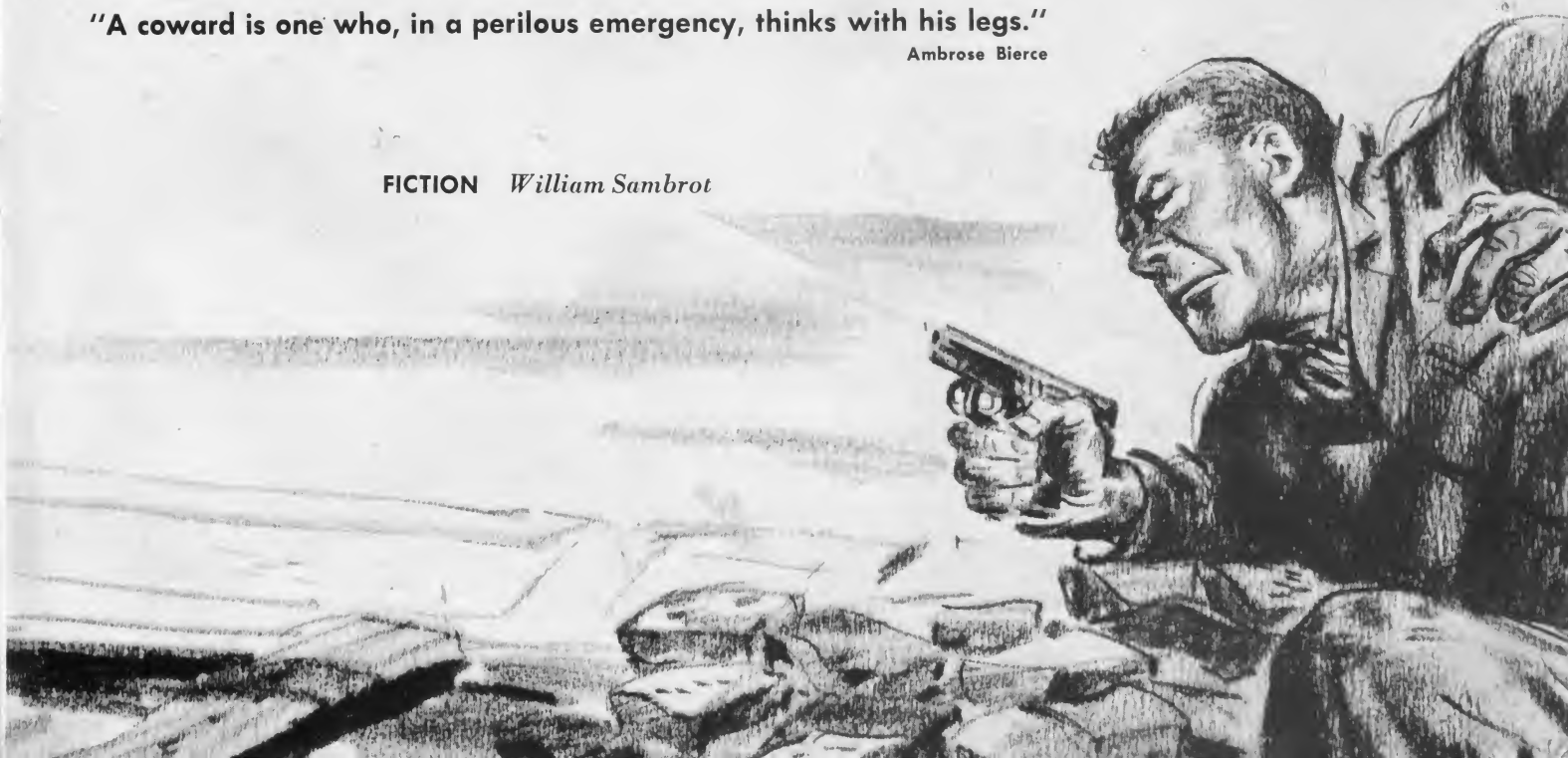
The old man was too befuddled to  
(turn to page 60)

# OF COMBAT

"A coward is one who, in a perilous emergency, thinks with his legs."

Ambrose Bierce

FICTION William Sambrot





ARTICLE *Louis-Charles Royer*

# La Parisienne Dame-nee



**A well-known French writer and world traveler who probably knows more about women than any other man alive dissects his fascinating compatriots.**



From the physical standpoint the Parisian woman is neither tall nor short; neither fat nor thin; neither a blonde nor a brunette. With such a description you can be sure of recognizing her.

I shall nevertheless give you more details. Her height is definitely shorter than the average if you compare her to a Swedish girl: it is about five feet four.

She is less buxom than a German; not so slender as an American.

An old French song pokes fun at:

"La poupée à Jeanneton  
Qui n'a ni fesse, ni tetons."

("Jeanneton's doll who has  
Neither buttocks, nor breasts.")

The Parisian woman does have them, but their size is not exaggerated.

Her hair is not brilliantly black like that of Italian women, nor does it have the platinum tones of the Scandinavians. Generally it is a light auburn. If a majority of blondes is to be seen on the streets, this is due entirely to the ministrations of hair-dressers.

She has small hands and small feet, with fine wrists and ankles. The calf is rather high, slender but not thin, and well-molded.

And she has a pretty face with a turned-up nose, a full curved mouth—the sort of mouth that attracts kisses.

A lighthearted walk with something of a skip in it. None of the hip undulation that characterizes the Spaniards, nor the heaviness of the Germans, nor the stiffness of the British. Even when she's walking she seems to be dancing.

There's a mischievous, caressing look in her eyes. In New York the women turn their eyes away from those of passers-by who admire them—unless they be call girls or semi-professionals. In Paris the women boldly accept these same looks. That is why a walk in Paris always delights the stranger in town. When the women glance at him with an instinctive smile, he is convinced that these delightful creatures find him alluring. It is but a short step from this to an attempted conquest. Only when his efforts are frustrated does he realize that all this was but an illusion.

The best way for a traveler visiting Paris for the first time to form an opinion about Parisian women is precisely by walking through the streets, taking the subway and bus, prefer-

# TRAVEL AGENCY



ably during rush hours. He will meet battalions of young girls going to work. They will not be dressed up, for they wait until the very last moment before rising. But this will make them all the more charming.

Women think they are never prettier than when they've just left the beauty parlor. But men—those in France, at least—are never more attracted by the charms of their conquests than when these get out of bed, the disarray of their nightgown revealing a lovely bosom, and their hair still in disorder.

The Parisians have become sports-women and their favorite sport is making love. But whereas they used to be delicate and pale, they have now acquired muscles. You can be convinced of this by going to a stadium and watching two feminine teams in action.

Since they now enjoy paid vacations, the working girls can go to the beaches. There the foreign tourist will discover for himself that not all beautiful Parisian bosoms have as yet been requisitioned by the movies.

Let me sum up. Are they pretty? Not all of them, naturally. I have seen more striking and more plastically perfect girls in Spain, in Italy and in the United States. But the Parisian women have a charm, a "*je ne sais quoi*," that makes them all attractive.

And what about their character, their temperament? Is it due to these that the Parisian woman is captivating, exceptional, irresistible?

She is very lively, very gay, and teasing too. She chatters like a mag-

pie. She laughs even when disappointed, so as not to cry. She is witty. Gavroche—the symbol of the French street urchin—is not necessarily a boy. Some of the girls are even more amusing.

Nevertheless she is sentimental, waiting hopefully for the right man who will take her as one plucks a pretty flower. She is not a coquette. If she agrees to go out with a man it is because she truly likes him and hopes that the flirtation will develop into total love.

She is jealous, but not to excess. She does not want her lover to pay attention to another girl in her presence. But should she learn that the honeybee has buzzed around other flowers, she won't make a drama of it. If she loves her man she will try to win him back.

Parisian women are smartly dressed. Whether they be society belles or working girls they have excellent taste. Worn by them, a cheap little dress takes on the elegance, the distinction of a *couturier's* creation. According to a French saying, "It takes nothing to dress them." It is this "nothing" that visitors to Paris would like to remove. But to achieve this requires tact and tenderness. You must never try to rush matters.

Another important thing: they are faithful. Let me make it clear that there are probably as many deceived husbands in France as in the United States. But in France a woman is considered faithful if she has but one lover at a time.

Is the Parisian modest? Yes and

no. Yes when compared to an American woman who, in her hotel room, will receive not only the chambermaid but also the valet while barely dressed. For her a domestic servant doesn't count. But for a Parisian woman every man counts whether he be a *maitre d'* or a millionaire.

Yet in moments of intimacy, when amorous (and they are easily aroused), their modesty will be discarded as easily as their virtue. At such times nothing exists for them but the satisfaction of their desires.

I have spoken to many American officers whose martial bearing had seduced Parisian girls and who were convinced at first that their conquests were professionals. It was only after several such experiences that they realized that such responsiveness could also be found in a lady—if she were truly in love.

However you must not infer from this that a handsome young man has only to walk the boulevards in order to find a pretty and honest girl willing to accompany him back to his hotel. French women succumb to the eloquence of the spoken word. This means that you must conquer their heart before taking their lips.

There's another essential difference between them and American women. If my memory doesn't betray me it often happens that in the United States or in England a young lady will let you kiss her on the mouth without going any farther.

In Paris, if a young woman allows you to kiss this delightful portion of her person it is because she is prepared to let you take the rest, too.

And once she has granted you the rest she becomes an incomparable mistress. With her you will never be bored. The most ardent nights of love have their intervals. The Parisian woman knows how to fill them most agreeably. She always has stories to tell you while waiting for desire to return. And since she is highly inventive in her love making, you will not have to wait very long for this return.

In one word she is like a lovely bird. Don't try to imprison her in a cage for she will then want to fly away. But learn how to tame her and she will make you the happiest of men.

(TRANSLATED BY STANLEY PALEY)

(TRANSLATED BY STANLEY PALEY)





It took him the better part of an afternoon to learn the difference between *sanguine* and *sanguinary* . . .

# MATINEE

FICTION Robert Walter

She heard footsteps in the hall and then an urgent knocking on her door. She stood at the ironing board, unmoving, holding her breath, the iron in her hand. She wasn't scared, but she felt a little like an animal that dared not move for fear of being discovered. The radio was playing softly on the other side of the room.

The knocking was repeated and then in a familiar drunken voice he called her name. "Dottie . . ."

She stood in silence staring at the door that separated them. She felt sorry for him, understood his loneliness and helplessness; she wanted  
(turn to page 54)





## ...AND DOLLS

Curiously, a subject  
as complex as  
glamor is made up  
of comparatively  
simple elements.

*Be it known to all the world that the pendulum hath swung full cycle—and a half. High fashion has reached its ultimate pinnacle, has toppled downward and has swung back up to a point where nobody can reach it.*

*The most occult of authorities in the haute monde—and what could be more occult than the Arabian ladies' oasis journal, Sharpers Chazzerai?—has decreed: "Man, don't never complain your mouse ain't got no glamor without you're willing to doll her up!"*

*What they mean, less occultly stated, is that it's no longer the girl that counts, and not even the ordinary everyday appurtenances known to most girls—such as cream colored, multi-engined convertibles shaped like cocktail glasses.*

*In short, you've got to play it weird. Get her something different for her next birthday. Take your cue from this portfolio of en deshabillé lovelies, and get her a poodle, a swimming pool, and most important, since, after all, glamor is strictly in the head, a differently colored wig for each day of the week!*















# "The Gripes of Wraith..."



"Flatter," said Wraith, "I want the best picture-set ever taken on wine pressing. Get out of the office and bring me pix of those flat feet."

"Gotcha, boss," said Flatter, "you want a picture of the peasants squeezing in the grapes with their feet . . . I'll

give you that in color . . . and in black and white . . ." *Ed. Note.* (To see how the photographer goofed up on this, see facing color page and shot of arms and legs in air in black and white). "And besides that," said Wraith, "I want a good portrait of

the vintner. Make it like a Steichen."

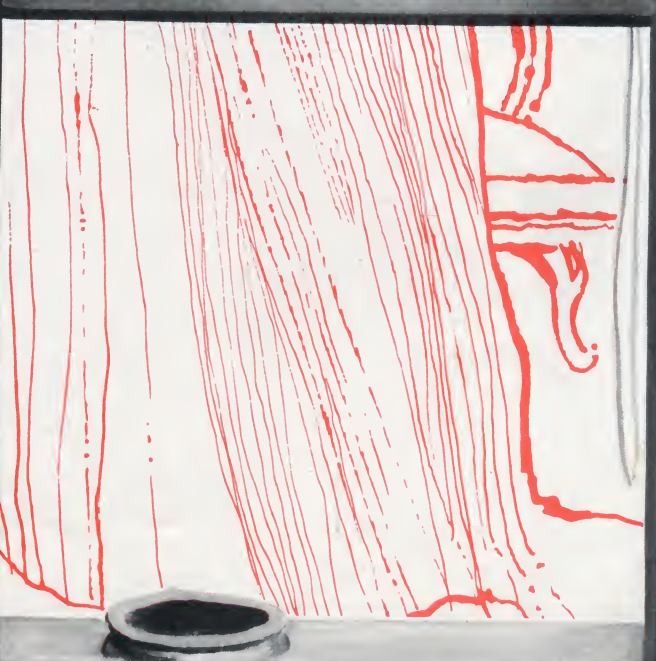
"Lots'a character in the lined visage," said Flatter. "Gotcha, Boss."

The shot of the vintner—the portrait shot—is the one where the man's arm covers his face. Of such things are made "The Gripes of Wraith . . ."

Ed Wraith, a hard  
working editor, put  
his top photographer,  
H. Flatter, to work on  
an easy assignment . . .  
Here are the results . . .







"Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye . . ."

SHAKESPEARE

"Oh," she says, "the binoculars!"

"Why bother?"

"*He* does." In the dark she stumbles into the lounge near the door.

"Damn!"

And I ask myself again what the hell I'm doing here. That *damn*, for instance, was like a wail. I mean she couldn't really have got hurt. She's just feeling sorry for herself.

"Here," she says, "I want you to use them." Then her fingers start rearranging my curls, the little that's left of them. Real affectionate, you know.

Across the way a light in the rear of the house goes on; against the far

# the JUDGE

wall is a long, low chest, on the left is a vanity, on the right a corner of the bed. Then a blonde in a nurse's cap comes in and pauses at the chest long enough to unpin the cap. She comes out of the coat real tired like, then disappears in search of a hanger. There's something familiar about her.

"Do you suppose she saw our lights?" whispers Catherine.

"So what? If you say she doesn't care."

"She doesn't."

"That's a kind of a cool lay out for a nurse, isn't it?"

"She gets alimony too."

There's a note of bitterness in her voice I don't like. It reminds me of the look in her eyes at the airport. I knew she'd put her husband on Flight 402—I saw her at the gate with him,

(turn to page 64)









"This script just isn't hot enough, Jocko. You gotta juice it up considerable. Let's get in a coupla whippings or edge in a little violence in that love scene; then we'll kick it around some more."

That's what Superfine Studio's Prexy keeps doing with my brainchild, a television script . . . kicking it around. I'm in the fourth month now and I've had some pretty pregnant thoughts, but he's aborted every damn one so far. Sure, I know westerns are hot as hell on TV now, but Goldstone, the Superfine King, keeps telling me the time will come when the shows will all draw their forty-fives and have a shoot out. "And it'll be the ones that are different, offbeat, non-clichéd, that'll survive. Ours, namely," he shouts. But "ours" isn't even in the shooting stage yet, and I've made more changes than Papa Dionne ever did with his Quints.

But this afternoon as I strode into the plush lined trap he calls an office, I could feel the power of Yancy Blade, my hero, right through the bulky package of script I held under my arm. He'll flip when he sees this one, I thought. If he doesn't I'll flip right out of this damn business. While waiting for Goldstone, or A.B.G., as he likes to be called, I thought of how it's still the old crazy mixed up Hollywood, even if they're shooting for TV now instead of flickers in most studios. Goldie's outfit is currently topping them all with twenty-seven canned shows sold. So why the hell he is being so particular about an oatburner when he usually puts out such drivel, I wasn't able to fathom. But don't get me wrong, this is Hollywood, as Sid Skolsky always says.

Getting the high sign from an overly stacked receptionist, I headed to-

ward A.B.G.'s door, gave the customary three knocks plus two, and entered. The great man bounded from the vibrating chair he liked to do his thinking in, almost overshooting the mark, as I turned to find him slapping my sunburned back heartily.


"Have you got it?" he asked, just as he'd been doing for the past months.

"I've got it," I said, unsure of myself now, just as I had been for the past months.

"Let's see it," he said, just as he had . . . aw, hell.

I sat trying to twiddle my sweaty thumbs as A.B.G. ran through the pages like a Mississippi gambler rifles through a deck of cards. Suddenly he slammed the script down on the desk, put his left hand palm down on the top page, and slowly removed his glasses with the other mitt.

"Got it? Got it? Got it?" He



## A WESTERN WITH PLENTY OF ONIONS

Even the horses in this TV sage-brusher had sex appeal!

HUMOR *Harry Schreiner*



sounded like a cracked record, and my own speed slowed down to 33 1/3 as I sat bathed in his myopic stare and screaming falsetto.

"Yancy," he sighed, "is about as sexy as last week's oatmeal. I want he should make the ladies jump like a rabbit with its tail caught in a washing machine." He loved those "South-ernisms" as he called them. "You make him like a faggot in chaps. This whole western's got no onions!"

"Onions?" I echoed.

"Onions, sex! You know what I mean. I want a nervous story. A nervous story like a long tailed cat in a roomful of rocking chairs. Like a dog in a Sputnik factory. Make him unpredictable. And get rid of that bullwhip he carries. That's strictly from Zorro."

"But last week you said . . ."

"That was last week. Now I see it differently," he thundered, putting on his glasses for emphasis.

"I don't want he should use weapons like those other phony cowboys. Guns are out. Rifles maybe once in a while. No lariats, whips, none of that stuff."

"How about a blackjack?" I asked sarcastically.

He didn't seem to hear. "You should get a new way for him to kill them bad guys. And let's show no prejudice; let the baddies be goodies until a woman influences them. That's

it! I want a woman villain. Yessir," he seemed pleased as hell at this, "... a woman villain."

"How should Yancy knock her off in the end?" I asked.

"You're the writer, not me," he hissed nastily. "Knock her off any way you want. But she should pay for her crimes."

"Do you realize that this means I'll have to abandon ninety percent of the script?" I shook uncontrollably. "I'll have to begin all over again!"

"You're getting paid. Stay in the saddle . . . and let's have plenty of those old onions, my boy." He laughed insanely at this.

I worked my crew cut noggin off, and was back handing Goldstone a new script in five hectic weeks.

"Have you got it?" he asked.

"I've got it," I replied.

"Let's see it," he said. After the ritual was over, he pulled the bulky tome toward him. I sat, once again twiddling my sweaty thumbs as he flipped the pages. Each page made an explosive crackling as he turned it in the quiet room, and I jumped involuntarily at each turn. We went through it all again, the glasses routine, hand slapping on script and the "got its," the whole stinking deal.

"Listen," he said patiently. "You can go so far on TV and no further. One story I saw had an Indian raping a white woman, another had that guy

with the gun who travels all the time beating on someone with a whip. Another had that phony gun salesman stopping a sweet girl from a fate worse than death. But this!" He was screaming now, "This is my ticket to a rotten peach orchard in the cruddy Ozark Mountains without a Walter Brennan yet!"

He broke into my reflections of Brennan and the probability of peach raising in the Ozarks to say: "A switch-blade knife and cowboys don't mix. It's like applejack and cream of tartar. And that scene where Big Jack rips off Lydia's dress with the knife blade will never get by the censors. And you got Lydia dying of T.B. I want she should die a quick agonizing death for what she did. Only give it plenty of onions; make her sexy up to the last breath. Go home and watch Mickey Spillane on TV and change it around to a western. Then you got it. But kill her with onions. Do you understand?"

I nodded feebly and staggered back to my two room walk-up a mile away. Hours later, my head was still whirling. The hell with everything, I thought as I sat drinking warm Vodka like it was going out of style. I'll show the bastard. The hell with the job, onions, studio contract, A.B.G., Yancy and that bitch Lydia. I could always get back on that New York paper doing obits, a nice peaceful job with no onions to worry me, and this script would be my ticket to some last minute fun before I took the east-bound stage.

This time, after the old routine, I watched him as he read and I could tell when he got to the part about Lydia's demise. A.B.G. began to turn a peculiar shade. Puce, I think you call it. Anyway it blended in well with the drapes behind him. I shook with quiet laughter.

I saw the script outline just as he did, in my mind's eye: "Yancy said, 'Lydia, I knew you done it. And I reckon you ain't gonna get away with it. How would you like me to open up this umbrella (Yancy produces folding bumbershoot from gun holster) where it'll really hurt?'"

"Lydia began to undo the buttons on her blouse and sway seductively toward Yancy. 'Daddy,' she breathed, 'I'd love it!' (Thank you Mickey Spillane!)"

"Yancy was dumbfounded. This wouldn't work. He'd have to try a  
(turn to page 56)





**"bring  
back my . . .**

**bonnie  
to  
me."**

A quarter of a century ago a blonde  
Norwegian skipper docked his yacht in  
the sun-drenched port of Cadiz on a





pleasure cruise.

Spain was to his liking. So too was a Spanish *tzigane*. He wooed her, won her



and married her in Malaga.

Three years later a Norwegian Gypsy named Bonnie Logan came into being . . .

Admittedly Logan is an Anglicization of Norquist, but that the end result was real cool is proved in these pictures . . . and as old Will was fond of saying, "What's in a name, anyway?"

Hollywood is Bonnie's home, even though she's detoured for such a variegated group of jobs as cocktail waitress, model, airline hostess and showgirl at The Dunes in Las Vegas. She quit her two hundred simoleon a week job in that desert paradise because she feared it was a dead end for her career.

Hot for a career as a pop singer, Bonnie is determined to leave no stone unturned that will surge her to the tops in pops.







*And here, in resplendent color, is Bonnie Logan  
all ready to add to your most prized collection—  
those pin-ups you treasure.*

The doctor backed away from the door of his hotel room. One of the men stepped inside and put his shoulders against it, bulking high and wide. The other one moved into the room, dark and oddly sinuous behind the gun in his hand.

"You're the Swede," he said. "The doc in the newspapers."

"I—I am Doctor Hartzog, yes. But—"

"Get your black bag."

Behind thick lenses, the doctor's eyes blinked rapidly. "You are American gangsters, then. What do you wish of me?"

The slim man stepped close, and the gun muzzle snaked out to grate painfully into the doctor's ribs.

"Get your bag."

Doctor Hartzog stumbled back. "Yes," he gasped.

The soft voice pushed at him as he opened the closet door and felt inside. "Take it all, everything you've got."

The doctor straightened up, medical kit in his hand. "It is a gunshot wound, then. Another gangster has been wounded, and you are afraid of the police."

The big man at the door chuckled. "You won't have to *plug up* nobody, doc. It's the other way around."

Gently, the dark man said it. "Remember, doc, when we walk out of here, don't get any wild ideas. One wrong move and you'll never perform another operation."

Doctor Hartzog blinked. The hard eyes staring into his own were eager with the deadly alacrity of the manic-depressive. He knew that this man would actually enjoy killing, that he would be happy inflicting pain.

(turn over)



**or not to be**

A lifetime of crime,  
violence and sadism convinced  
him there was nothing worse  
than being half man and  
half woman. Or was there?



The doctor nodded. "I will walk carefully."

"Like a sheep," chuckled the big man, "or should I say a ewe?"

"Johnny," the dark man almost whispered, "your jokes are wearing thin."

A swift shadow passed over the big man's face, and Doctor Hartzog knew he had been right about the danger in the slim man. Even the big, caloused man was very much afraid.

Through the windows of the long, shiny car, Doctor Hartzog peered at streets and buildings, trying to fix locations in his mind. He gave up after awhile, because all the towering American buildings were strange to him and looked alike. In Stockholm, perhaps, he might have been able to trace the route the car was taking, but here? He blinked and settled back upon the seat.

"All right, Johnny," the dark man said after the car stopped. "Take it around back and park it, then join us upstairs. You know the office number?"

"I oughta'," the big man said. "I jimmied the door."

Chrome and glass and polished floors, it was a professional center, its halls dark and deserted. In the night silence, their footsteps echoed down the hollow corridors. The dark man pointed to the stairs, and the doctor started to climb them, his bag bumping at his knee. He was puffing hard when they came out of the stairwell onto the eighth floor.

The door they entered had "Allen Westphal, M.D." neatly gold-leafed on frosted glass, and Doctor Hartzog frowned at the sign.

The gun dug at his back as he paused in the waiting room. "On through, doc. Back into the private office and operating room."

Inside, the doctor put his bag on the desk and sank panting into a leather chair. "You tell me now what this is about?"

Girl-like, the dark man propped one hip against the desk. There was a growing tenseness in him that the doctor could sense.

"If you were American, doc, you'd know who I am. My picture's been plastered all over the newspapers, right along with yours—but for different reasons. I killed a couple of guys and a cop blundered into it. Naturally, I had to kill him, too. His buddy spotted me."

"You were shot by the policeman?"

"No. I'll admit a lot of cops would like to put a bullet into Carl Kohler. That's me, doc—better known as Kit."

"But—but I still do not understand—"

"Don't you, doc? Why, you're going to give me the perfect out."

Hartzog blinked up at him. "Why do you need a surgeon?"

"Not a surgeon, doc—you. You're going to fix it so the cops won't lay a finger on me."

"I? But how? I am not a plastic surgeon—I am a specialist—a—"

"I know. I read all about you and your specialty. The papers played you up big."

Hartzog only stared.

The outer door opened and the big man joined them. He sat down near the examining table and took out a gun. Casually, he placed it in his lap.

Kit lighted a cigarette, his fingers trembling slightly. "A perfect out, doc. You'll perform one of your special kind of operations on me, right here and now. You're going to change me into a woman."

Doctor Hartzog took off his glasses and polished them slowly with his handkerchief. "You do not know what you say. It is not so simple, like so. My patients have all had—how is it—had possibilities of being man or woman, you understand? Male outside—underdeveloped, perhaps. Inside, female, you understand."

Kit brushed his hand through the air. "I know, I know all that. That won't be a problem. I've been examined before, doctor. The others told me just that—just as you said. But they were afraid to operate, damn them."

Hartzog put his glasses back on, and frowned. "But this doctor—the doctor of this office, he will return."

"Not for weeks, doc," grunted the big man. "Him and his nurse are on a vacation. Together yet—tsk, tsk."

Kit gnawed at his cigarette. "You've got everything you'll need here—ether, scalpels, sutures, everything. There's even food in the refrigerator, enough for a long time, if need be."

The doctor laced his fingers across his stomach. "Perhaps the equipment is correct, perhaps not. But if I do not operate, you will kill me, yes?"

Kit's smooth, dark face leaned down to his, the eyes glowing. "Slowly, doctor—ever so slowly."

Hartzog stood up and unbuttoned his coat. "I think," he said, "that you wish the operation for greater reasons than escaping the police."

Kit's eyes flickered. "Yes, the proverbial two birds, doctor. They won't be looking for a—woman—" his full lips caressed the word, "—and if I *am* picked up, they'll release me after a superficial examination."

Cat-slim, dark against the white walls, Kit Kohler paced back and forth. "But you're right. The other reason is the big one. I am half man—with a woman's thoughts. I want to be—all woman. I'll go mad this way. I'm entitled to a normal life, like other—women. You can do it for me, doctor, and you will. It's my only chance. I'll go mad if I stay the way I am."

"Already you are mad. You are a psychotic, you know—striking back at the world, needing to hurt other people. You are always at war with yourself."

Kit stopped pacing and glared at the doctor. Hartzog blinked, and continued. "Understand, there are worse things than being half a man, or half a woman. Yes, there are worse things."

In two swift paces, Kit was leaning over him. "You can talk! You've had life and—love! Sure, I hurt people—why shouldn't I hurt those grinning apes—yes, and the smug, happy she-apes, too?"

He paused, breathing hard. Across the room, Johnny shifted uneasily in his chair, the gun with the bulky silencer across his lap.

Kit gripped it now. "So spare me your philosophy, doctor. You can change me, and you will. Johnny here will watch you every second. Remember that, every second. He likes to play with that gun, but his real joy is a knife. He'll perform his own kind of operation on you, if you try to get cute while I'm under anesthetic."

Doctor Hartzog nodded, blinking through his glasses. "And I wait here until you are conscious. Until the danger of all infection is passed, yes, I wait until you are satisfied the operation is properly done. And then what happens?"

Kit smiled, a faint stretching of the lips that didn't reach his eyes. "Then—we'll see."

Dawn had probed at the windows of the makeshift operating room and

lost its grayness in mid-morning light before Doctor Hartzog stumbled to his chair again.

Wearily, his head sank back against the cushion, and he dreamed of the things that had been, and would never be again.

For Doctor Hartzog knew that Kit Kohler would never allow him to leave this room alive.

The killer awoke at almost the same time the doctor did, to the odors of the meal Johnny had prepared from the hoard in the medical refrigerator. It was the first of many such meals they had in the offices, while in the streets of the city far below, police searched for them all. They searched for Kit Kohler, gunman for hire, for big Johnny Burko, gangland's handyman, and for the famed Swedish surgeon who had mysteriously vanished from his hotel room. None of the searchers linked the three together.

Johnny was at the doctor's elbow each time he moved. He stood there as the bandages were changed, watching. If heels clicked along the hall outside, he was even closer, big hands flexed for a grab at Hartzog's throat. At night, the doctor's hands and feet were tied, and he was left propped in the leather chair to stare into the darkness.

The days passed as Kohler waited and smiled on the surgical couch. His hair, always worn too long, grew far down over his ears now, curling darkly at the nape of his neck. His fingernails lengthened, and he spent hours shaping and polishing them, always smiling.

At the end of a week, Kohler was taking practice walks around the room, and two days later, the last of the bandages came off.

"Now," he said, "you can bring me that outfit we stuck in the receptionist's closet, Johnny—shoes, hat and all."

The doctor rubbed at his stubbled, sunken cheeks. "For the high heels, you will have to practice, yes?"

Kohler laughed. "You know—I like you, doc. I really do. I hate to cut your time short, but no—I won't have to practice. I've walked in high heels before. They feel—right—to me, the same as nylons and frilly things do."

Hartzog watched the bathroom door close behind Kohler. When at last he came out, the doctor knew the police would have a most difficult time recognizing this woman in the tight



"I'm getting sick and tired of you running out of Kleenex!"

dress as the man they were seeking.

"Hey," said Johnny, "you look all right."

"I guess," Kohler said, "I'll have to change my name to Kitty."

"One thing sure," Johnny chuckled, "the cops will never know you."

"I don't know myself," Kohler said, and giggled. "I feel so—so different. You did a wonderful job, doctor—I might say a beautiful one. I looked closely in there, and—and I'm a real woman at last. I'm ready to start living."

Doctor Hartzog took off his glasses and polished them. Outwardly, at least, the operation was a success. He put his glasses on and laced his fingers across his stomach, closed his eyes and waited.

"All right, Johnny," Kohler said, "we're in a hurry."

The doctor heard the metal click of the gun and held his eyes closed. The time was now, in a strange office, by firearms. It could be no other way. This criminal would not leave anyone alive who could identify him. It was strange that this Johnny did not think of that.

Well, the doctor thought, he was prepared for it, as well as one could be prepared. It had been a long life and a full one, and he would not go unavenged.

The soft, womanish voice probed at him. "As I said, doctor, I like you, so this will be quick and painless. You understand, I'm sure. Just think how surprised the cops will be when they pull me in and find I'm not a man. It's something to take with you, doc—the success of your last operation."

Yes, thought Hartzog, it was something to take with him. But there was also something else, something to remember for as long as he could, to hold onto before the bullet snuffed out all thought.

He had told Kohler that there were worse things than being "half man—with a woman's thoughts," as his patient had expressed it.

Doctor Hartzog had a red, splinted fragment of time to cling to his thought and follow it through, even after the bullet smashed into his brain.

The worst thing was to be neither half-man, nor half-woman. It was to be neither, to be a nothing without functioning organs, a neuter without hope, a sexual zero.

For this was how Doctor Hartzog of Stockholm had left Carl/Kitty Kohler, a scar with nothing under it, and he would soon find it out and go truly, screaming insane with the knowledge.





One of America's top  
sports columnists  
mixes a few and  
tells what's . . .

# GUARANTEED TO HAPPEN AT A *Cocktail Party*



An argument will start over Richard Nixon.

At least one guest will ignore the ash trays and grind his cigarette butts into the rug.

People will say the Martinis are either too weak or too strong.

The hot dogs on the toothpicks will be cold.

The last guest to go will be unknown to the hostess.

Some one will say "Lolita" is a disgusting novel and increase its sale.

The caviar canapes will be picked out of the tray first.

A recently divorced woman will leave when her former husband enters with his new girl.

An argument will start about Norman Vincent Peale.

People will start to sit cross-legged on the floor while the chairs are still empty.

A fat man will station himself against the wall so that the kitchen door will hit him every time it opens.

A man will ask if he can tell a mildly off color story and then relate one that would embarrass the audience at a stag.

A bit player from a hit play will declaim on the viciousness of the critics.

An argument will start over the beat generation.

A man will tip a tray of open-faced cheese canapes into his lap.

The coasters will be ignored and every bit of furniture in the place will be stained by glass rings.

Some one will insist the television must be turned on.

The celebrity will sit in the kitchen.

At least one drunk will insist that he sit with the children while they're being fed.

An argument will start about Gen. de Gaulle.

A woman will take a book off the shelf and read it and, when it comes time to leave, tell the hostess she had a fine time.

A member of Alcoholics Anonymous will fall off the wagon.

A man will meet a girl who will break up his marriage.

The lanky woman who is mistaken for an authoress will turn out to be a social worker.

The word neuroses will be uttered many times.

A woman will say she can't understand what everybody sees in "My Fair Lady."

An argument will start about socialized medicine.

One of the guests will say something to her hostess that will never be forgiven.

Some one will put in a long distance call and the hostess won't know about it until she gets the bill.

Every one will run out of cigarettes at the same time.

On the way home more than one guest will swear that this is their last cocktail party.

When his wife is offered a drink,

a man will say, "My wife never touches it," and the other women will consider it an insult.

If a stranger eavesdropped on the whispered conversations of husbands and wives it would seem that only the hostess' enemies came.

A guy will bring a bottle of Jack Daniels with him, explaining he doesn't drink anything else.

An argument will start over Liz, Eddie and Debbie.

The insurance salesman will explain this isn't business hours but he'd like to offer some helpful advice concerning the future.

When it gets too hot, some one will open the window and it will get too cold.

The hostess' kid will pass around the canapes and conversation will stop while she is addressed in semi-baby talk.

At least one couple will attempt the Charleston.

Most of the people there will tell a politician they are not interested in politics and then brief him about his calling.



An argument will start over Picasso.

Women will take turns topping each other describing the laziness of their maids.

The man who asks for a cup of coffee will not finish it.

At least one of the guests will find a traffic ticket in the windshield of his car.

People will complain the Manhattans are too sweet or not sweet enough.

There will be an argument over Mickey Mantle versus Willie Mays.

A guy's future will be blighted when his friends take turns telling about his drunken escapades in front of his boss.

A man's mistress will be identified by every one but the guy's wife.

There will be a guy who passes out in the bathroom after locking the door.

The liquor store will be closed when the hostess calls to rectify the gin shortage.

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# "Competition..."

...a wise man once said,

"is the life of trade."



"The early bird catches the worm,"

"That's what makes horse racing," "Nice guys finish last," and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Scratch any phase of human endeavor and you'll find a cliché about competition.

Individuals pull and claw their way to SUCCESS; schools and colleges compete in every activity from sports to academics, and even such large entities as nations

show healthy (?) spurts of team spirit in their various doings. (Some correspondents say that the roar of applause at Cape Canaveral drowns out the blast-off of the rising rockets.)

But transcending even the competitive élan of nations is the brisk give and take among certain industries, which cuts across national boundary lines and sometimes entertains many more millions of people.

Take, for example, the cinema, the most interesting phase of which is the international competition of female forms that began in the early fifties and today bids fair to surpass all other pretensions of "art." Beautiful bodies pop out of every corner of the globe to flash their lusciously irregular topography before eager audiences. The American Beauties are too familiar to mention, but in Europe the south, notably Italy and France, with its reputation for torrid temperatures, had







apparently been running away with the prize. How could snow and ice, thought the man in the street, produce the likes of a Lollo, a Gina, a Bardot, or a Martine Carol?—that is, until Germany came up with Hildgarde Neff and Scandinavia with Eckberg and Thyssen.

*Hi-Life* is proud to enter the race with the latest entrant in the anatomical sweepstakes, a lass from the north country, Miss Mona Olssen of Gothenburg.





Mona, as any fool can plainly see, is an outdoor girl, and one who doesn't allow the chill climate of her habitat to keep her from exercising in her altogether beautiful altogether. She's young, vivacious, curvaceous, and she refreshingly violates all the platitudes about Nordics—she's not a blonde, nor is she fair-skinned.

And if you believe that bit about the "sexless" Scandinavians—brother, have YOU got a lot to learn . . .





# LOVE and ROBOTICS

... go together like dill pickles and a milk shake.

"If you're so smart," a father (B.A., Syracuse '26) asked his son (M.A.; Columbia '52; Ph.D., Oxford '57), "why don't you go out with girls?"

That father—who was delicately hinting that his son's only passion, sixteenth century viola da gamba music, wasn't *everything* in life—unknowingly touched a raw nerve that, more than amphetamine and wild, wild tea parties, is keeping the nation's intellectuals up at night. As smart as they are, eggheads appear to

be having trouble finding an adequate supply of nature's oldest raw material: the opposite sex.

I would be breaking no classified secret by identifying as intellectuals the authors of the following:

"Gestalt energies and Zen, to play objective music. Have a listen. Have Hi-Fi, will travel. Box #..."

and

"I can't afford an analyst. Am too old-fashioned for a tryst. There's only one thing to be done. I'll have to marry one. Any offers? Box #..."

and

"Young man: novelist (unpublished), poet (not yet set to jazz),

artist (profusely unexhibited) would meet young lady approximately as lonesome as himself ... Box #..."

and

"Timid Mezzo. Seeks male ... voice student. Practice companion, mutual criticism, duets. Phone: ..."

Advertising in a weekly Greenwich Village newspaper's "Public Notices" section, they gave more than mute testimony to the fact that the market for intellectual relations has turned bullish.

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ARTICLE Marvin Kitman



Koen





If further evidence were needed, consider that from fifty to sixty bright beams answered each of the above public soul barings. Presumably there are that many who want to go out for every one nervy enough to cry out.

Caught "short," intellectuals always suffer more than non-intellectuals. For one thing, they *feel* things more poignantly. The same discrimination that makes them feel superior intensifies their inferiorities. Chances are not bright for a chap of this description just bumping into a dream girl while riding his Lambretta. He needs luck:

"I'm 26, handsome, well-off. Need female, either mathematician or architect, under 25. Should be buxom, passionately interested in chess defenses, wines of Provence, Nietzsche. Call collect: . . ."

For, unlike Napoleon I, who first said (while at St. Helena in 1815), "A man's palate, in time, can become accustomed to anything," eggheads would rather endure a lack than compromise their tastes. That's why so few intellectuals, particularly females of the species, are caught in compromising situations.

Intellectual mating problems would be even more acute if not for enterprising social welfare organizations leaping, like social-working St. Bernards, into the breach. Cheek-by-jowl with that "Timid Mezzo" classified ad, for example, was this eye-catcher:

#### "IN A RUT?"

Be modern. Let the Scientific Introduction Service, using effective new techniques and an 'Electronic Brain,' help you meet friends you will like. Call: . . ."

On the face of it nothing could be more of an unguent to an intellectual's heartache. An "electronic brain" to eliminate looking under the shrouds one always finds when haunting museums, libraries, coffee houses and book shops! Hoping to find out what modern science is doing for the intellectual down-on-his-luck, I telephoned the Scientific Introduction Service for an appointment.

The first thing a supplicant learns at S.I.S. is patience. Just as Arnold Toynbee's "Study of History" wasn't

written in a day, neither can one expect a change in luck over-night: there is a gestation period of two to four weeks before S.I.S. can find time to schedule your first interview. So many intellectuals escaping from their ruts these days cause the jam at S.I.S.'s door.

There is no special way to act when entering the Scientific Introduction Service's suite (located in a luxury apartment house on Lower Fifth Avenue) for the first time. Hat-covering-the-face is, however, less recommended than I'll-be-through-in-a-second-with-this-slide-rule-problem. Better than both is the forthright, man-to-man approach.

"I'm looking for a beautiful model between the ages of 24 and 28 who knows her way around—at least in New York—and shares my peculiar interests," I blurted at the receptionist. "She has to love doing valve jobs on my MG-TD, play the contra-bassoon, sing madrigals and be able to make *matzoh-brei*."

I was quickly ushered into the office of the director by the receptionist, but it must have been someone's lunch hour, for she turned out to be the director, too. A soft-speaking brunette, Lee Morgan sat primly in her chair, studying me. Behind her sat the "brains" of the outfit: the inert, gray "Electronic Brain" (curiously called UNIVAC and IBM and many other things that it isn't—it's an Underwood Samas Punch Card Accounting Machine).

Miss Morgan, who is 27, B.A., M.A., doesn't wear a white lab jacket (she favors black chemise). But everything else about the Scientific Introduction Service is antiseptically scientific. From her coolly professional eye to the stacks of psychological tracts lining the walls to the vaguely uncomfortable modular chairs, one senses there is no funny business at S.I.S. That realization, and the fee (the cost for using S.I.S. is \$50 for six months or \$75 for a year), made me drop my disguise. Miss Morgan, by way of testifying to the power of the press, did not throw me out.

"Effective new techniques" at S.I.S. relegate the "pick up" and "blind date" to the Dark Ages where they belong. Here, in this Greenwich Village suite, is the Brave New World lonely intellectuals have been waiting for!

Miss Morgan pushed her interview card across the desk so that I might see the sort of depth grilling her paying customers receive.

In addition to standard entries on Age, Height, Religion, Birthplace, Date, Hair, Eyes, Complexion, Nationality, Marital Status, Children, Occupation and Income—the white card had room for notations on *Intellectual*, *Cultural* and *Socio-eco* levels. Space for personality dissection followed. Was I:

assertive	OR	submissive
friendly		hostile
generous		stingy
shy		poised
stubborn		flexible
inhibited		spontaneous
serious		carefree
warm		aloof
alert		dull
conforming		Bohemian
adjusted		rebellious
reflective		unthinking
frightened		adventurous

Even my draft board wasn't *that* interested in me.

While an applicant is questioned, the S.I.S. interviewer is listening with a third ear. Is my speech "masculine or feminine," "grammatical or ungrammatical," "accented or none," "pleasant or raspy," "lisp or stutter," "fluent or halting," "cultured or crude," "interesting or bored," "talkative or silent"?

And was I hostile, unrealistic, suspicious and demanding in my remarks about the opposite sex? Or was I friendly, realistic, accepting and giving?

Not only listening, but watching. In what shape were my "facial features, hair, eyes, hands, complexion, grooming, figure, bust, legs and ankles" (anyone interested in the "real me" would get little satisfaction from those last four categories).

For good measure an applicant is given a "personality questionnaire" to fill out on his own. His reactions to questions are not lost on interviewers. Some samples:

Do you feel lonesome even when you are with other people? Yes ( ) or No ( ).

Can happiness in marriage be achieved without good sexual compatibility? Yes ( ) or No ( ).

Are you troubled with shyness? Yes ( ) or No ( ).

On the basis of the total probe, an

applicant is either 1) accepted for membership in S.I.S.; 2) told to seek psychiatric help; or 3) told to go away. Thus far, 1,700 people (about five percent more men than women) are in the ranks.

"We try to screen out obviously disturbed people," Miss Morgan explained. "For example, a man who tells us he is looking only for dominating women—the kind that wouldn't be adverse to using a whip—is told to go away. The mother who wanted the Service to find dates for her 29-year-old son—without his ever knowing where the dates were coming from—was told to seek psychiatric help—for herself, not the son."

Once past the interview hurdle, the fun at S.I.S. begins. When was the last time you had the bittersweet experience of being "fixed up" by an "electronic brain"?

*Samas* is an unsmiling, rectangular bundle of wires, tubes and good intentions. He costs \$10,000 when new but can be leased for approximately \$40 a month (well within the means of anybody seeking a smart roommate who won't talk back). S.I.S. leases him. Like humans, *Samas* is subject to breakdown. A repairman from Underwood, however, makes him operational in jig time. For a machine he is remarkably humble: he knows that nobody is infallible in the business of match-making.

"You cannot ignore the human element in mating," *Samas'* mouthpiece said. "A machine can only eliminate most grounds for incompatibility." Miss Morgan gave that as the reason the TV marriage schemes using UNIVAC as the third party were far-fetched.

"Still we've had over 150 marriages in S.I.S. since we started matching in the fall of 1956," Miss Morgan said. "Probably more if people told us the truth. They're afraid we'll charge extra for a marriage." (S.I.S. does now, but didn't in the beginning.)

How does *Samas* work? First you place your order with the Director, indicating a preference in general areas, such as:

(For demonstration purposes I have indicated my preferences.)

age	25-30
marital	married once
ht	none
religion	atheist

ed	a reader
income	at least \$20,000
nat	Bulgarian
app	flat-chested
occup	civil engineer
personality	yes

"One man's meat is another's poison," Miss Morgan led me to believe as she frowned at my list.

Then she took a stack of pink punch cards (pink, as in the maternity wards, for female at S.I.S., blue for male) to *Samas*, who was whirring expectantly. Each member has an individual card punched 21 times. By the position of the punch marks, *Samas* immediately knows almost every detail about a member's mental, physical and personality make-up. Feeding the stack of cards to *Samas*, he felt every girl in the file quicker than you could recall his complete name ("Underwood *Samas* Punch Card Accounting Machine").

There in a neat pile were all the girls "25-30." There also were all the girls "20-25," "30-40," etc. Then *Samas* digested the stack of 25-30's for marital status. Then for religion,

ed, income, nat, app, occup and personality (it can tabulate 21 classifications in all).

In the end, *Samas* was left empty-handed. S.I.S. had nobody meeting my peculiar needs.

"Usually, a member has enough of a pool of girls left to keep him busy," Miss Morgan explained. "When there is nobody, the applicant is re-interviewed. If he does not revise his requirements, his money is cheerfully refunded." (Three percent of S.I.S. revenue is returned for that reason.)

Every member of the Service is assured a minimum of five introductions in a six month period, ten in a year. There is no maximum number of dates. A member can get seven introductions a week, depending on his appetite and it's availability.

Some members with unusual tastes extend their memberships, even though entitled to refunds. They know their taste is so specialized there is even less hope in non-scientific connection-making. Probably the most striking request in S.I.S.'s

(turn to page 49)








# FRANKENSTEIN'S

## *Bebe?*



*FRANKENSTEIN MEETS BARDOT!* Directly this sex-cum-sensation laden flash electrified the news wires 'round the world, my brain boinged with the out-of-this-whirl thought, "Has the Devil found work—and what work, if he can get it—for idol hands?"

The Frankenstein monster idolizing Brigitte Bardot—now there's a picture no artist could paint, for the fundamental reason that he couldn't hold his brush steady. A virgin Brigitte, burgeoning into a life of nubility, nude as the Marilyn Monroe calendar on September Morn as she lies supine on the operating table with the Monster pressing a twitching ear to her bewitching *poitrine* to detect her first heartbeat. From Goya to Petty, no artist ever had it so good.

*Dieu! La Belle et la Bête*, with Brigitte as the Beauty yet. Little did author Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, that Franken's-teenager of a mere seventeen, dream one hundred and forty years ago when she created the world's most famous, or infamous, fiction monster that his simulacrum might one day be filmatically teamed with the planet's hottest hoyden, the pyrotechnical Parisienne for whom they had to invent the anticonflagratory AsbestoScreen!

The plot, to costar Bardot & Frankenstein in *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN*, is still in the talking stage, but my imagination, incendiary

**Hi-Life peers into its cloven crystal ball and presents  
the art film to end art: "Brigitte and the Beast;  
or And Frankenstein Created Woman"!**

ARTICLE *Forrest J. Ackerman*





as a Bardot censorship, can't be restrained from leaping ahead to the stalking stage, envisioning the climactic scene as I might script it:

- 269 INTERIOR FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY—NIGHT—  
CLOSE SHOT  
Camera holds a beat on machinery's master switch. Monster's hand suddenly enters frame, knifes the lever. There is a high whining SOUND, accompanied by electric CRACKLING, and weird lights and shadows play over the scarred wrist.
- 270 INT. FRANK. LAB—NIGHT—CU  
Bardot's face with eyes closed, immobile, waxen, angelic in trance-like tranquility.
- 271 SAME AS 269  
Monster inclines misshapen ear to Bardot's marble-still breast to detect heartbeat. (NB: Shoot the works on this scene—all the breast exposure censors will allow, in fact more. Remember, the pic will play art houses and Europe, and by the time it hits TV in the 60's, all-nude stars will probably be as common as candy bars. But for the time being play up the old "CLOSED SET" gag when the scene is filmed. The beauty and the breast shot will be a key still in the publicity campaign. Have portrait photog cover this from all angles, rush layout of top shots to Hi-Life.
- 272 SUPER CLOSE-UP  
Monster's eye. It widens in satisfaction.
- 273 PROFILE SHOT  
Monster removes his head from Bébé's bosom. Zoom in for loving CLOSE-UP Bardot's breast: it heaves convulsively with her first breath of life!
- 274 thru 290 (the best parts of the picture) are better left to the imagination than described, and probably couldn't be filmed anyway, but the dénouement is:
- 291 CU—MONSTER  
(explaining haltingly)  
You—girl. I—make—you.
- 292 MEDIUM SHOT—POINT OF VIEW: MONSTER—BARDOT  
Brigitte, now semi-clad in a pseudo-bikini hastily contrived from some medical gauze in the lab, streamlines toward the camera with her famous flat-footed, swivel-hipped, ballet-trained, feline grace. What Frankenstein does not know is that at last the perennial experiment has culminated in success beyond man's wildest expectations: Brigitte has the brain of a *nymphomaniac*! And so, with the words "You, girl. I make you," ringing in her eager ears, she advances purposefully and murmurs,  
(like an exploding sex-bomb)  
*C'est si bon! Mon monstre!*  
(English subtitle: Like, wow—  
mumble to me, Frankie.)
- 293 TWO SHOT—B&F  
Camera glues to Brigitte's derrière as she slithers toward Frankenstein, who stands welded to the spot. We HEAR a harlequin WHIMPER of desire VIBRATE deep from her throat as she feverishly unfastens one knot of the home-made bikini. The diaperette slips from her dougan as she proceeds inexorably towards the doomed Monster. The lens zooms to a CLOSE-UP of her posterior. (NO ONE SEATED DURING FINAL FIVE SECONDS—PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL THE SHOCK-SURPRISE ENDING TO YOUR FRIENDS.) Her *gluteus glorious* suddenly LEAPS TO LIFE in Unabashed Technicolor! The Frankenstein Monster meets the barefoot girl with cheeks of tan! It is  
*THE LIVING END!*





# HIPPO

harpooning in the congo

TRUE ADVENTURE *Wilmon Menard*

If you're tired of chess, craps, cribbage and other sedentary sports, here's a *man's game*, described in electrifying detail by one who's played it—and won.

A hippo, like any other big game of the central African region, is a very dangerous beast when surprised, cornered or wounded. I have had some close brushes with these rushing tons of destruction, which, but for extraordinary good luck, would have ended fatally for me. They have the largest mouth and most horrible system of ripper-tusks of any Congolese monster. They have halved a human in one solid crunch; they can shatter every bone in a man's body by a grazing collision; they can crush an unlucky hunter like an over-ripe fig. I





fear them the most of any animal of the central African plain, because their affable mien and actions are usually deceptive. The sprinkling of gray in my hair has been made, I'm sure, by countless hippo scares! Yet many people erroneously consider the hippo a gentle fellow.

The regulations in the Belgian Congo on *Protected Animals* are quite explicit: "It is prohibited, except under scientific permit, or in the case of legitimate self-defense and on condition that it is immediately brought to the attention of the authorities (*author's remark*: providing, I suppose, the human victim is able to walk to the nearest post!) to whom the skins must be turned over, to kill, capture, hunt, pursue, willfully disturb, or cause to flee by any means or for any purpose whatsoever, even with the simple intent to photograph or film them, the animals listed below."

And this list, headed by the hippo, is a very long one!

A white hunter friend of mine, Major Liddle, once invited me up from Nairobi to hunt big game in the northeastern section of the Belgian Congo. He had established his temporary camp almost in the center of the Great Ituri, that vast, seemingly impenetrable forest which shows its first stockaded barrier of mighty trees and dense foliage not more than a dozen miles west of Irumu.

This primeval jungle, rich in representative fauna and flora of the extensive central African country, lies within the triangle formed by the highways to Beni, Nia Nia and Mambasa, and is today only sparsely inhabited by native tribes, who cultivate bananas, rice and manioc close to ancient roads down which the Arabian slavers had once lashed Congolese slaves. Here are, also, the diminutive Ituri pigmies, who hunt buffaloes, okapis, elephants and red antelopes through the Congo Forest and its savannahs.

The Ituri River and lesser streams water this verdant area, extinct volcanoes lift their green-mantled cones against a soft blue sky, and in between on the elevated steppes stretch the unique African veldts, swamps—and crocodile and hippo pools.

The first evening in Liddle's camp, two hippos blundered through the area, became entangled in some of the ropes of the cook-tent and, in

their panic to free themselves, almost pulled it down. On their snorting departure they careened against supply-tents; ripping the seams from top to bottom, and a huge generator in their path was bowled over and put out of commission.

They had evidently come from the river, about two miles away. Major Liddle, surveying the damage with mounting rage, decided that some sort of a deterrent should be exercised against a repetition. "Those night prowlers will most likely pass the word on to their friends that we've got well-filled garbage-buckets, and there'll be a mighty stampede through here that'll really level *everything*, including us." He nodded shortly. "The chief of the village has asked me to shoot him some hippos for their stew-pots, so this is as good a time as any."

The following morning, before daybreak, we started toward the river. It was a particularly pleasant pre-dawn, with the stars still bright in the close dark curve of the sky and a full moon slowly descending behind the crests of the lofty bombax trees. We proceeded in single file, and ahead the porters and gun-boys were only dark silhouettes moving through the patterns of light and shadow.

Liddle, walking beside me, had some comments to make about the hippo. "He's been classified by some as the least dangerous of the big-game here in the Congo. But even this clumsy, seemingly stupid beast, when angered, surprised or wounded, will tear apart and crush any living or inanimate thing within a wide radius.

"A typical act of the hippo when mortally hit in the head with a bullet or spear is to throw back his head well out of the water, open his mouth wide, paw the surface with his front feet, and then sink out of sight. But when he's only been wounded, which makes him fiendishly clever and revengeful, he'll put on the same deceptive act, heading down to the bottom and then coming up underneath the canoe to turn it over and halve as many of the occupants as he can. Natives always follow the bubbles he blows to the surface, making sure to keep the canoe just out of reach, so that when the hippo finally breaks water for air or to maul the canoe, there's a good chance to get a second and final shot, or a hard harpoon thrust."

A year previous I had witnessed

near Kiwu a fight between a hippo and a buffalo. The bull seemingly had all the advantage, being quicker than the ungainly hippo, charging hard and goring the hippo before he could come around to grab him in its immense mouth. The hippo was soon spouting blood from dozens of deep holes and gashes. While I watched from a nearby hill, the bull came in fast, like a locomotive, and buried his right horn in the hippo's shoulder, and he kept pushing until he toppled over heavily on his side. Then the maddened beast kept tossing his horns deeply and accurately into the belly of the hippo until he made it a leaky sieve.

Exhausted, he briefly withdrew, but, as if to make sure of the hippo's demise, he wheeled around and came back, walking slowly and methodically around the helpless hippo, butting, stabbing and tearing with his murderous horns. Blood seemed to be gushing from every pore of the hippo's side. I thought the bull was inflicting needless punishment and that the hippo was already as good as dead.

But—no! Suddenly, the hippo rolled over, pawed the ground spasmodically, lifted his forepart slowly, and opened his mouth wide. He caught the bull by the thick column of its throat, and with one hard wrench of his ripper-tusks he tore away the thick muscles. The buffalo fell, bellowing, to his knees—and two minutes later he was dead. The hippo, dripping blood, calmly trotted off.

Wemba, the headman of the camp, walking behind us, recounted an incident he had witnessed a few years ago in a hippo pool in Mushie, where the Fimi empties into the Kasai. A native had crossed in his canoe to inspect his fishing baskets. For no apparent reason, a female hippo, who had been living along this bank with her young for the past two years, suddenly charged the canoe, knocking the man into the water and smashing the dug-out. Then it chased the man swimming to shore, came up under him, seized him in the center of his body and almost cut him in two. His body floated off, but was later retrieved by the villagers. En masse the following day the natives attacked the apparently deranged hippo and killed her, in keeping with the native belief that they must destroy the bad spirit-fetish that had compelled her to slay a human.



HI-LIFE

"Excuse me a minute — here comes my daily double."

A tracker who had been sent out ahead to scout for the two trespassing hippos returned to report that he had discovered them waddling through the high sedge on the bank of the river, like two carousing drunk hoodlums.

We reached the river in time to cut off the hippos before they wandered too far. Husky natives from the village, curiously aware of our mission, were there with their canoes and *monkagas* (harpoons). Hippo-harpooning was new to me, and I inspected these weapons with interest. They were large, with multiple barb-

ed points, and seemed formidable enough to use on a whale. They were equipped with detachable floats, tied to the end of the shaft with a very tough, braided native-rope. "They're experts in the art of hippo-harpooning," remarked Liddle. "And they know the dangers, too."

We moved far downstream, near a large pool, where the hippos were evidently heading. Then we crossed to a small sand-bar, where we settled ourselves comfortably on a dry part that was covered with coarse river-grass.

There would be a wait, so to pass

the time I patiently taught the boys a poem in English about the hippo, which seemed to amuse them greatly:

The broad-backed hippopotamus  
Rests on his belly in the mud.  
Although he seems so firm to us,  
He is merely flesh and blood.

It was a longer wait than we had expected, and mosquitoes came out in swarms to plague us. After almost an hour of slapping and cursing, we decided that the hippos had detected us, had circled and gone farther down river. But when we started climbing



back into the canoes, the *kapita* (head-man) brought word that the hippos were definitely moving down the bank toward us.

Fifteen minutes later, the two hippos appeared on the bank, almost directly opposite us, lumbered into the river and began wading closer to our concealed position, stopping every now and then to sniff the air and grunt. Now they were swimming in deep water, occasionally indulging in a short submergence. Within a few minutes they were quite close, but didn't afford a good target because they kept their body and head too low in the water.

I had my rifle ready, having picked my bull, and when he came fifty feet closer I fired, hitting him just below the ear. He gave a surprised grunt, turning almost completely over on his back, and sank almost immediately. Liddle fired at the other, but missed, because in that split second the animal had decided to go under.

"Quick!" shouted Liddle. "Into the canoes!" He jerked a thumb toward the harpooners. "They'll have to finish off the one I lost! Yours will be picked up downstream!"

We moved with hardly a ripple upon the pool. Light had filled the eastern sky turning the water opales-

cent. Now the bottom could be seen plainly, as if viewed through a huge magnifying glass. A native gave a low command. He had sighted the hippo on the bottom! The canoe was maneuvered into position. A giant harpooner took up his position in the bow of the long dugout. The hippo was now coming up to the surface for air!

A slight eruption of water and the ears of the hippo appeared. In a flash, with a great play of arms and back-muscles, the native hurled his harpoon, sinking it deeply between the two mounds forming the shoulders of the beast. The hippo gave a snort of alarm and pain and whirled over on its back, and disappeared. But the float still bobbed and trailed on the surface as the hippo started to escape. Instantly, the two canoes were in swift pursuit of the marker-float.

These native harpooners were past masters in deducing the course of a speared hippo. Once the bull came to the surface blowing water and blood, but sank quickly before another harpoon could be thrown. Now the float remained almost stationary. Swiftly the canoe came alongside.

Then a native yelled hoarsely in alarm. The canoe heeled over hard, and I was almost pitched into the water, but Liddle instinctively put out an arm and intercepted me from a deep header. The native quickly righted the craft, saving us and our expensive rifles from the river. The hippo after this one try at upsetting us had taken flight again.

The boys were superb paddlers, too, and they were eager for hippo meat, so they carefully avoided a repetition of this near capsizing. They pulled out rapidly in front of the wake of popping bubbles and the float. Suddenly, with excited yelling they backed water. A powerful harpooner had another weapon ready! The hippo's head broke water. The steel hissed and buried itself with a solid *chunk!* into its back. Again the animal headed down; but almost immediately he returned to the surface.

Now, as we watched, the forepart of the hippo shot out of the water, as if shoved from below by a giant hand; his front legs beat the water furiously, then very slowly he began to sink, hind-first. This time he did not reappear, and there were no more tell-tale bloody bubbles on the surface.

An hour later the native had hauled the dead beast onto a sandbar, and

with much laughing and singing were cutting him up.

I made a brief tour of this river-village, while the natives were butchering the hippo. One structure interested me particularly. It was a high native hut, and hanging from the rafters, thick with flies and maggots, were great joints of elephant, buffalo and hippo meat, cured by smoking or heating, but nonetheless thickly encrusted with greenish mold. The odor of the hot interior was oppressive and nauseating as a charnal-house.

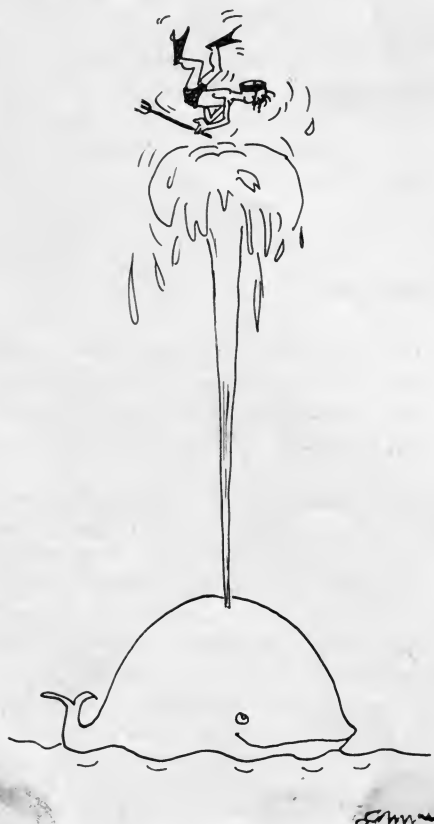
"This meat must be putrid," I remarked to Liddle. "No wonder they needed fresh meat."

"To you or myself it would perhaps be a quick death from stomach cramps, but to them it's ambrosia. They'll eat anything, no matter how old and maggoty it is, and survive to come back for another huge helping. I suppose you could call it a condition of mind over matter. Whenever I've asked them about their eating of decomposed, stinken meat they always tell me that they eat the meat—not the stink."

A few days later, I came across a group of natives cutting up a hippo at the side of a river. One had scored it down the center of the bloated stomach, and now the rest of the gang with crude axes was energetically chopping. An axe-head buried itself out of sight, almost to the native's grip, and there was a loud hissing sound of gases escaping from the rent stomach and intestines. I backed away, revolted. It was apparent that this hippo had been dead a long time. It was a gory, nauseating work, and soon they were covered stickily from head to foot with gouts of thick black spoiled blood. Some had climbed into the emptied rib-cage up to their hips and were still hacking determinedly.

They were utterly dumbfounded when I refused choice cuts of the apparently gangrenous meat. Yet some were chewing appetizingly on raw, rubbery hunks. In the same instance that I have seen Indian pilgrims drinking the dirty polluted water at Benares, India, I suppose it's just a case of unbelievable immunization from centuries of slow-poisoning.

In any case, I had come to the conclusion that I should give live or dead hippos a wide by-pass!





She's sable-haired . . . and ivory-skinned . . .  
she's a dream of fair  
women come true . . . she's . . .

# ebony . . .

*Beauty in others may be a  
matter of soft contrasts . . . of  
blonde hair, and peaches and  
cream complexion . . . or titian*









*tresses and dainty freckles . . .*

*But Sandra Marnelle is as shockingly beautiful as she is because of the harshness of the color contrasts that make up her individual blueprint of beauty.*

*Dusky, blue-black, page-boy*







*hair cut in long bangs over  
lambent blue-gray eyes make a  
fitting crown for the flawless  
milk-whiteness of Sandra's  
flawless skin.*

*Her figure is as pneumatically*





*lush as perfect health can make it. Her muscle tone is fine as tungsten steel . . . dancing has made her as lithe as a tigress . . . but much more beautiful.*

*Charms like these make a photographer's job an easy one, as these pictures amply prove.*

*As young as she is lovely, she should have a long and successful modelling career ahead of her, now that we have discovered her ebony, exotic charms.*



## LOVE AND ROBOTICS

(continued from page 35)

files is that of a playwright-business entrepreneur.

"His father was married at a specific age," Miss Morgan said. "And so were all the other men in his family. Now at that age, *he* was still unwed. Family tradition also demanded he marry a girl with his surname. And the girl he wanted had to have similar interests: 18th century history, in general; Marie Antoinette, in particular; and modern theater. She also had to be blonde, a Ph.D. and Norwegian. Finns and Danes wouldn't do."

Surprisingly enough, S.I.S.'s crash program unearthed several girls filling the bill. But no marriage has resulted. "It's a shame," she said, "because the year is almost up—and his whole life will be ruined."

In the last analysis, there is no questioning one's taste in opposite sex. The old (*circa* 1750) nursery rhyme,

"Some like it hot  
Some like it cold  
Some like it in the pot  
Nine days old,"

is apropos, as is the more adult line from John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*: "Some love the meat, some love to pick a bone."

Still, the Scientific Introduction Service is in a position to record swaying changes in taste, something the most sensitive seismographic devices can not do. There is a definite correlation between current events and desire, according to Miss Morgan.

"That *Life* magazine cover story about Swedish girls started a rage here. Everybody wanted to date Swedish-type girls. *Sayonara* did the same for Japanese girls. When Charles Van Doren was striking it, rich on television, his type was very much in demand by women."

Most patrons think in terms of "types." "Women ask for the Marlon Brando type, the Gary Cooper type or even the Ronald Colman type," Miss Morgan noted. "Also the Madison Avenue type, the Brooks Brothers type and, most common, the clean-cut type—whatever that is."

Thus far, nobody has asked Scientific Introduction Service to find an Elvis Presley type.

Some men are as flexible as the one



HI-LIFE

"We'd better come up with something better than,  
'We're only human!'"

who felt any woman would do—if she had the proper size feet. But others have very definite images:

"She should be buxom and have the face of Eva Marie Saint."

"I want a combination of Audrey Hepburn, Cyd Charisse and Lauren Bacall." ("As it happens," Miss Morgan recalls, "we arranged a date for him with a woman who was a combination of Hedy Lamarr and Vivian Leigh, which pleased him enormously.")

And sometimes flexibility turns out to be something else again. One woman told S.I.S. that any man would do—providing he owned a car. Not a throwback to the Teen Age, this customer felt a car was an infallible sign of stability. Further in-

vestigation indicated she had so many other unrealistic attitudes (such as, a man had to be earning more than two and one-half times her salary of \$100 per week before she could respect him) the woman was dropped from the rolls.

As I stood up to go, Miss Morgan went over to *Samas* and affectionately threw his switch to "off." He sighed once, as if recalling some tasty morsel passing through his craw earlier in the day.

"Has any intellectual sent *Samas* a good book recently?"

"No," Miss Morgan said. "Like most scientific improvements, he is taken for granted."





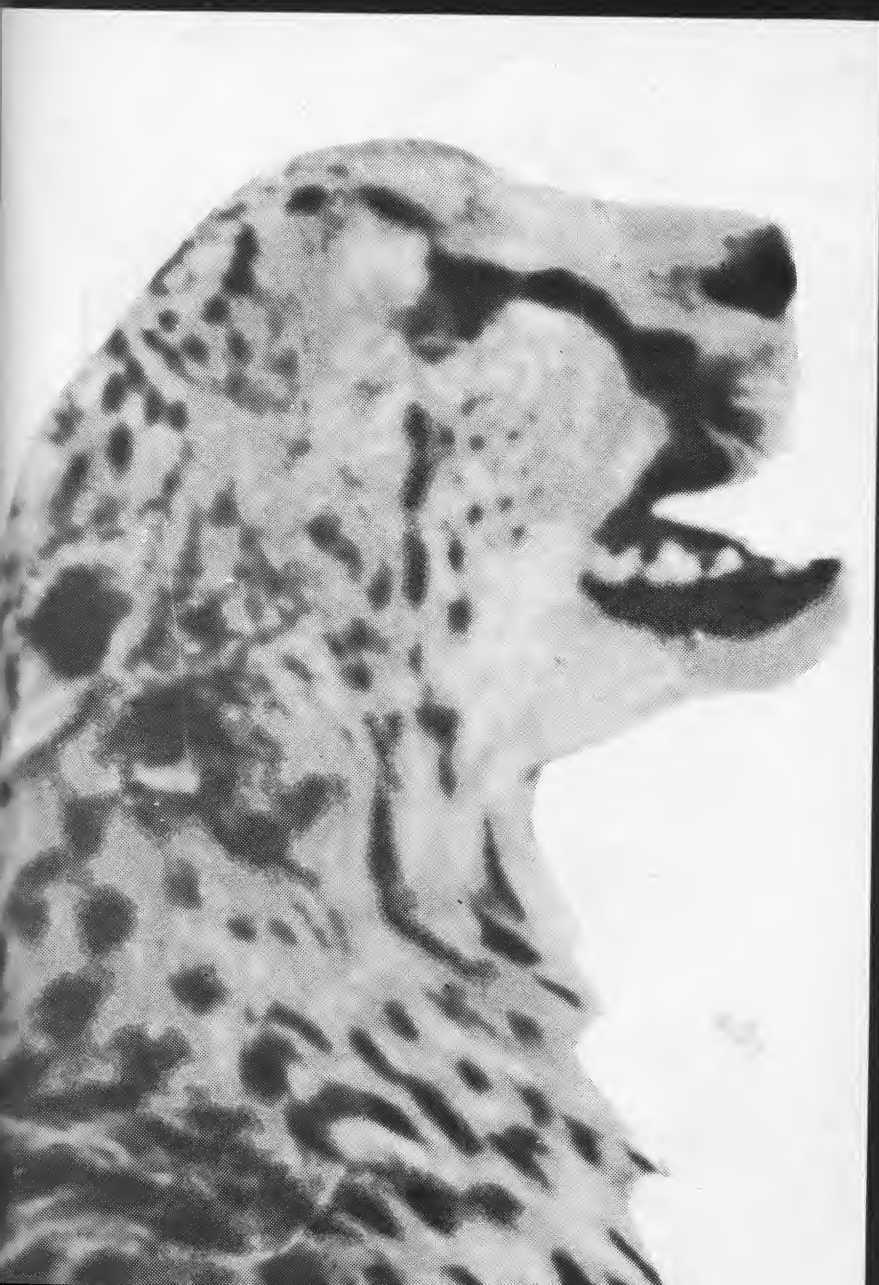


HI-LIFE

"You have the wrong apartment . . . but the right introductions."

Since the dawn of time four-legged beasts and winged birds of prey have raked and clawed at men.  
Now the tables are turned . . . That's . . .

# HAMLET'S REVENGE



Just outside Ocala, Florida, a distinguished zoologist named John Hamlet has retired from research projects and field trips to make his hobby of training predatory beasts and birds a new and more exciting profession.

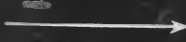
Cheetahs, iron-fanged and tool-steel clawed, wind up their training sessions with Mr. Hamlet better trained than your house cat.

Hawks and golden eagles become, in Mr. Hamlet's hypnotic control, as well behaved as a pet canary or parakeet.

A tourist attraction of the first water, "Birds and Beasts of Prey" has made Ocala a "must see" stop on any Florida jaunt.

At this exhibit you'll see why Indian maharajahs use cheetahs as hunting animals . . . trained to scent and track and retrieve as though it were the simplest thing in the world to train a blood-thirsty jungle cat to obey every word of command!

On the next two pages you'll learn some of Hamlet's secrets . . .







A

A

The fastest things on four feet, weighing about 110 pounds, are rangy cats, all legs and tail, with delicate small heads and streamlined torsos. Their claws can rip a man to ribbons faster than the eye can follow the paw! Hamlet begins their training by having them chase and capture a meat-scented package yanked along at sixty mph.

B

Skidding to a stop as though controlled by four-wheeled brakes the cheetah does not even destroy the object of its chase. Standing over the bloody canvas bag, the cat waits like a well-trained retriever.



B



C

The long-handled wooden ladle shown here is the real secret of Hamlet's mastery of his cats. A tit-bit of meat on the spoon of the ladle is all the reward his cats need to make them obey his every command. The length of the ladle is important. It keeps the cat at the proper distance from the man, and is also used as a signalling device to catch the cat's attention.

**D**

These objects are the “furniture” of falconry. “Jesses” are leather straps with which the eagle’s feet are tied. The jesses are fastened to a swivel and the swivel to a leash. The long leash used for training flights is called the “creance.”



**E**

In this photo the eagle has already been trained. But a wild eagle must be hooded, placed on a perch and allowed to “weather,” or get used to captivity for a few days. Next he is carried, still hooded, to get him used to being carried by man. If the bird attacks the man he is held at arm’s length to save the man’s eyes.



**F**



**F**

In this step of the game the eagle is unhooded. His instinctive response is to try to fly away from the arm on which he rests. Great flappings of those giant wings must be resisted by main force and solid human muscle. When the eagle begins to relax his grip on the sole-leather glove, it is the first sign that he is becoming trained.

**G**



**G**

Shown here is the second sign an eagle is on the way to being trained. He is “rousing,” or shaking his feathers into place. The trainer now knows the bird is at ease. The final stage is the toughest; getting him to fly from the hand at the signal whistle and return by being pulled back by a rope. Finally he is released without the rope. If he returns he is trained.



## MATINEE

(continued from page 9)

to go over and open the door and take him in her arms; and at the same time, for the same reasons, she hated him, regretted ever having known him.

"Dottie," he pleaded, "let me in. I know you're in there. I hear the radio. Dottie, please. I just want to see you. I'll only stay a minute. I promise."

But she knew better. She had made the mistake of opening the door one other Saturday afternoon. He had apologized for bothering her, had said that he never intended to come but he just couldn't help it. He had sat beside her on the couch and cried over her. "I wish it was all just beginning. I wish I had just met you and everything was still ahead of us," he said. "We had something once. Maybe it wasn't love. I don't know. But we had something together once, didn't we? Didn't we, Dottie?"

"Yes," she said, and she too began to cry. And then it was as if nothing had changed and they made love and he left and that was the last she saw him.

He had come one other Saturday afternoon when she was not at home, but he didn't know it and he made such a commotion in the hall that the lady in the next apartment called the police.

He kept turning the knob and shaking the door. "Dottie, open the door. Dottie . . ."

She realized that she was still holding the iron and she silently set it down and pulled out the plug.

He was a good boy. He tried to do what was right. But there was something wrong. He had no ambition. Nothing interested him. He could not hold a job. And every time he drank he got drunk. It wasn't that he drank so much; it was just that he couldn't drink at all. Two or three drinks was all he needed. "I don't know what's wrong with me," he told her one time. "Maybe I played with the wrong toys when I was a kid, maybe the wrong people said hello." She had wanted to help him; she had tried to; but she just didn't know how.

With his face against the door, he was sobbing now. "Dottie, I want to see you. Please. Please, Dottie. I want to see you again."

She eased herself over to a chair and sat down and closed her eyes.

Well, at least she had learned something. Stay away from anyone you feel sorry for; don't get involved with anyone who needs you. Helping them is like trying to blow up a paper bag that has a hole in it.

God knows how long it would go on. The lady next door had gone away for the week end. And she herself could never call the police. She wondered if he thought it was she who had called them the last time.

She did not know how long she sat there with the summer afternoon sunlight coming through the open windows, the half-ironed dress lying on the ironing board, before he shook the door and called her name for the last time and started away. She heard him stumbling down the stairs, heard the banisters creak under his weight, heard him slip and fall and tumble noisily down to the landing. She hurried over to the windows and dropped the Venetian blinds, adjusting them so that she could see between the slats to the street below.

In a moment he appeared, stood uncertainly on the sidewalk, then staggered out into the busy street. Blindly, as if in a trance, completely unaware of where he was or what he was doing, he started up the middle of the street, through the traffic. Horns tooted; brakes screeched. People on the sidewalks stopped to look.

Then all of a sudden a policeman was there beside him with a hold on his arm, dragging him out of the street. Taken by surprise, the boy resisted violently and the policeman hit him on the head several times with his club. From her window she could hear the hard hollow sound it made.

As they neared the other side of the street, the boy broke away and lurched through the open doorway of a pastry shop. The policeman rushed in after him. A large crowd had gathered now; some white-aproned delivery boys had stopped with their carts.

Through the window of the pastry shop she could see them struggling inside. The boy was holding on to the door and the policeman kept striking him with the club until he let go. Outside again, the boy dropped to the sidewalk, and the policeman, standing over him, ordered him to empty his pockets. The blood was running down his forehead and out of his mouth. The policeman took his wallet and was looking inside it.

She stood at the window, not wanting to see any more. In a way, she felt, it was her fault; in a way, she was to blame. But at the same time there was something strangely exciting about it; similar, she imagined, to watching a bullfight; or, as in the jungle movies, seeing a snake swallowing a live animal. Horrible, but something else too.

The boy attempted to get up but the policeman kicked his leg out from under him and he fell on his face on the sidewalk.

It was only then that he noticed all the people. He put his hand to his bloody face. You could see that he was ashamed: he didn't understand what was happening at all; he didn't want to fight; he hadn't done anything; he only wanted to escape.

And suddenly it was as if he and the policeman were on the same side, against the crowd that had closed in around them. "What are they looking at? Tell them to go away!" he said angrily, looking up at the policeman. "Tell them to go away!"

And then—she was not sure how it happened—he was on his feet and was running headlong up the street with the policeman after him.

When the policeman caught him, he threw him to the sidewalk and began to beat him brutally one time after the other over the head and back until the boy no longer moved. His forehead and half of his face were covered with blood, and it was running down his neck and soaking through the sport shirt she had given him for Christmas. The crowd that had followed eagerly after them began to protest. "Stop it! You'll kill him!"

She heard the rapidly approaching scream of a siren, and she quickly turned from the window, grabbed her robe from the closet, put it on over her slip, and in her worn slippers and with her hair in bobby pins, rushed from the room, down the stairs and out into the street.

Two more policemen had arrived in a police car, and she pushed her way through the crowd just as one of them was leading the bloody, beaten boy toward the car.

"Officer!" she cried. "I know him. He didn't do anything." The policeman did not turn his head, but the boy looked at her vaguely. "Dottie . . ." he said.

(turn to page 56)



HI-LIFE

"By Merlin's beard, Guinevere . . . how did you spend the night?"





"In the interests of science, I have a proposition to make."

The new policeman was almost gentle as he helped him into the car and climbed in and sat beside him. The boy's head fell over on to the policeman's shoulder, and the policeman let it stay there and wiped his face with a handkerchief.

The other policeman got into the car; the red light on top of the car began to revolve, and the car pulled away with the siren clearing the way.

She stood with the crowd watching until the car was out of sight. Two old ladies with shopping bags turned to her. "What did he do?" She walked away without answering.

She went slowly up the worn stairs. The door of her room was wide open. The radio was still playing. The dress that she was going to wear on her date that night still lay on the ironing board.

She went over to the window and raised the blind. A few people still remained, disappointed that it was

over, reluctant to go, wanting to see more.

She stood there for a long while looking out at the bright, hot street. And then she began to cry. "I didn't call them, Johnny," she said aloud. "I didn't call them."

On the other side of the street a spastic went by, doing a crazy dance, like a puppet moved by unseen strings.



## A WESTERN WITH ONIONS

(continued from page 18)

different method of meting out justice. This dame really liked to be hurt.

"Then it hit him . . . the perfect

way to take care of Lydia! He methodically removed the photo of his horse, Tony, he always carried in his wallet, placed it face down on the bureau and then lunged at Lydia. He embraced her lush young body and kissed her full lips frantically. They swayed from side to side, mouths glued together, doing a weird little love dance . . .

"Camera blacks out for a second at this point in story. Next scene shows Yancy and Lydia (faces only in close-up) passionately making love. Then comes commercial. Final scene shows hero staring down at Lydia's supine figure for a moment. He kisses her forehead and pulls the covers up over her head. Blackout."

"Bang, she's dead," I thought, an idiotic grin on my face as Goldie sat transfixed, still staring at the last page of the script. Then he lifted his face toward mine and glared at me with glazed eyes. It was all over, I knew, and I reached for my Panama and rose from the chair. "It was the only weapon poor Yancy had left," I chuckled, turning toward the door.

"Onions it's got." A.B.G. suddenly came to life. "In fact, it's too good for television!"

I stared stupidly.

"I'll publish it as a book," the producer screamed as I wearily dropped into a convenient chair. "We'll sell a million copies," he went on. "Only in books the baddie don't always have to pay for crimes, and this Lydia broad's too hot to kill off. So make the end where Yancy and her go down together. Then we trot in a mad scientist who steals their bodies and brings them both to life. After it's a success, we'll clean the whole thing up and make a movie out of it! I'll get Karloff for the mad scientist!"

"Why do you want to use an ending like that?" I asked, still in a state of shock.

"A sequel, you mulehead, a sequel," he shouts. "Horror TV movies are as hot as westerns right now . . . we can't miss! Let's get right to work on that sequel. We'll call it, 'Son of Yancy and Lydia.'"

"Hold it," he yelled as I rushed for the door. "Make sure it has plenty of . . ."

"Yeah, I know," I said, running full tilt into the door. "Onions."



Lee Bettinger's the name,  
Fresh beauty and  
glamor the game . . .

## SWEET SWEDE



*That wave of immigration that started 'way back in fourteen hundred and ninety-two has brought many an interesting item to our not always sunny shores.*

*It's interesting to see how some of these items become so assimilated in our so-called melting pot culture that one begins to think of them as native grown. For example, recent (unreliable) research has shown that apple pie was brought back from Basuto-*





land. On the other hand, certain items originate right here, but are attributed to foreign cultures. Chow mein, for example, is as American as baseball.

Perhaps the most easily assimilated imports are the many (but still too few) gorgeous demoiselles who cross the ocean to win fame and glory in the U.S.A. Lee Bettinger, Stockholm's greatest loss since Ingrid Bergman left home, is a case in point.

With an accent as cute and perky as her face, Lee is still another proof that the so-called frozen wastes of Sweden's icy shore are more imagined than real.

Still gawky as a colt, her beauty is in that formative stage that promises well for the future. We feel fortunate to be the first to immortalize the Bettinger fame and frame.

Interested in everything from modern art to the Beat Generation, from hard bop to Dixieland, Lee is fast becoming "acclimated" and she'll soon be as American as chow mein!











## GUARANTEED TO HAPPEN AT A COCKTAIL PARTY

(continued from page 27)

A fat man will make a pass at every woman who chats with him but his homeliness will assure him of forgiveness by their husbands.

There will be an argument over psychiatry.

Some one will insult the maid hired for the evening.

On the way home a wife will discover a lip stick stain on her old man's collar and he will claim the hostess did it with a greeting kiss.

The word trauma will be uttered many times.

A woman will hold forth on the beauties of bullfighting.

Every one will talk louder, giving the impression that every one else is deaf.

There will be at least one Ivy

Leaguer who ridicules the football policies of every other conference.

There will be an argument over Franklin D. Roosevelt.

A drunk will insist on wrestling with the dog.

A woman will leave hurriedly after she gets a telephone call from her baby sitter.



## ZONE OF COMBAT

(continued from page 5)

immediately grasp what charges she was making, but when the light dawned he became a veritable tornado of action. He immediately dispatched the captain over to make a complete medical inspection of the cattle and called for the entire outfit to stand in review.

By way of penance, he had the company nearest the outraged cattle show up bright and early the next morning—a Sunday, and marched them in a body to the nearest chapel, every last one of them. Then he ordered the bewildered men to pray to God for the souls of those among them who had certainly condemned themselves to eternal flame and damnation by such goings-on.

If he had hoped to see a sign of fear or repentance he was badly let

down. The liberated men of the company, delighted to be among females in the church, were rolling their eyes and all but pawing the ground.

Now, leaning against the pro station, sucking reflectively on his cigar, the captain moodily said, "Can you imagine what those dandies at SHAEF must have thought, getting a report that a combat outfit was disporting itself in such a manner beneath the immemorial oaks of jolly old England?"

"Blackballed," Smitty said with deep disgust. "The old man must have been—" He stopped, head cocked, listening. Far out over the channel the first drone of approaching aircraft could be heard. Smitty, like most foot-sloggers, was a sucker for airplanes. He never failed to stand a little straighter, to feel a surge of pride as the sleek silver bombers swept by disdainfully overhead, im-

maculate, cleaving the sky in unswerving formation, leaving thin white trails and an ache in the throat to mark their passing.

"The biggest yet," the captain said as a mighty fleet of B-24s came over, with the fighters, like tiny wasps high above, leaving cotton candy contrails in the sky.

"Over a thousand right there," Smitty muttered, straining upward, holding on to his helmet, counting, counting. On they came, mediums, forts, superforts, group after group, sliding across the sky until the drone became unendurable. The ground trembled, the sky was rent with slashing light reflected from the shiny planes.

They clutched one another, shrieking, pointing, as still the armada came. The heavy crump-crump of the first flight dropping bombs was felt through the soles of their feet. And



still they flew over. All of Normandy shivered. It was difficult to know just when the great flight was past. The drone still lingered in their shocked ears, the sky was criss-crossed with innumerable trails like salt water through which a fleet of swift boats has crossed, leaving milky wakes of churned froth.

"Someone's catching hell," Smitty said.

"The all-out on St. Lo," the captain said.

Gradually they became aware of a bitter altercation going on in front of the *maison*. While the men had been staring up at the sky two strangers had quietly taken advantage of the tremendous spectacle and slipped into first place in the line. This was duly discovered and the beef was on.

The dispossessed first in line, a tall blonde sergeant, was locked with one of the strangers, trying to push him out of the line. He had a hammerlock on him but the stranger seemed hard to budge.

Smitty recognized the blonde sergeant: a big Swede from Minnesota named Larsen, a squad leader, a hard man. Next to him, egging him on, was his buddy, Klemperer, a mean man with a Browning automatic.

"Watch Larsen and Klemperer operate," Smitty said, nudging the captain. "Better break out the first-aid kit."

With a sudden practiced movement the stranger slipped easily out of Larsen's hammerlock. He was a wily, sinister-looking type, dressed in combat coveralls, with a jump-jacket and polished paratrooper boots.

"Get your lunch hooks off, doggie," he said nonchalantly. He put a hand against Larsen's thick chest and pushed, then stepped casually back into the front of the line again.

"Clobber him, Lars," Klemperer said, grinning happily.

The sinister stranger swiveled and stared at Klemperer. "Keep your yap shut, crumb, or you'll get yours, too."

"Yeah, crap-face," for the first time the second stranger spoke, "don't you know enough to be respectful to a Ranger?"

"Ranger?" the captain muttered.

"Commando troops," Smitty said. "Trained killers. If they really are Rangers they're a.w.o.l. from England—and Larsen better lay off. Those guys have reflexes—"



HI-LIFE

"Ah sure hope you like it, Sugar."

Klemperer had moved out of line to engage the second stranger while Larsen moved in again on the first, red-necked, stiff-shouldered, arms, close to his body. The Ranger feinted and Larsen swung up a powerful elbow. It was fast and unexpected. It caught the Ranger a terrific clip under the chin, lifting him up and spinning him completely around and down.

Like a coiled spring the Ranger landed on his knees, flipped around and shot just once from a thin black pistol that had miraculously appeared in his hand. Without a sound Larsen dropped to the cobbles, a hole in his forehead barely oozing blood.

The killer stood for a moment, half-crouched, waving his tiny pistol, facing the line of stunned soldiers.

Klemperer dropped to his knees and cradled Larsen's head in his

arms. He touched the hole in Larsen's forehead, then he looked up, eyes glazed, insane-looking. "He's dead. Larsen's dead."

"Come on, let's hit it," the second Ranger said. He turned and began to run swiftly, easily, down the narrow cobbled street. The other Ranger, gun in hand, gave Klemperer a flat stare then began backing away. He turned and started walking hurriedly down the street.

"Stop him." Klemperer's voice was shrill. "Kill the son of a bitch! Stop him! Stop him!"

He dropped Larsen's body and came to his feet, tensed, glaring, his hands instinctively positioned as though he were cradling an automatic rifle. The two Rangers were making good time down the street that was

(turn over)



"My shorts! My robe! Are you trying to be me?"

little more than an alley with few side-openings.

Klemperer stared wildly about, saw the captain's jeep, rushed over, leaped in and flicked on the ignition. With a roar the jeep jumped forward and in seconds was doing fifty miles an hour down the cobbled street.

The sound of the jeep was snarling, vicious, as Klemperer drove in pursuit of the Rangers. One of them leaped for a doorway and disappeared. The other, a bit behind, turned. In the split second he lost by looking the jeep was on him.

Klemperer used the jeep like a battering ram, crushing the Ranger against the wall. Backing up, he ran over the body, put the jeep in reverse, then prepared to make another pass. The first Ranger leaned out of the doorway, took cool aim and shot Klemperer through the head. The jeep rolled slowly backward, jumped the steep curb and stopped against a shuttered window. The first Ranger, without a backward glance, darted around a corner and was gone.

Acting under the captain's orders, several of the men brought the three bodies into the pro station; then the line in front of the makeshift bordello was dispersed.

"Rustle up some mattress-covers," the captain said, staring down at the bodies—the one crushed badly and the other two, except for holes in the head, virtually unmarked. "Some shooting," he said. He picked up the phone and when Smitty left for the mattress covers he heard the captain asking for the colonel.

The old man's command car pulled up just as they finished stuffing the last body into a cover. The colonel stamped in, tall, angular, his lank black hair plastered to a bony skull. He was redolent of scotch whisky. With him was his executive officer, Major Goldberg, a sad, plump little man long resigned to following the colonel's orders, no matter how startling.

The colonel examined the bodies perfunctorily, pursed his thin lips and said to the major, "Get rid of them quietly Goldie."

"Where? How?" The major looked at the captain.

The captain shrugged. "There's a collecting station near St. Marie Dumont. I guess we could dump them off over there. What do you want me to report as the cause of death of our men?"

The colonel blanched at the men-

tion of the word "report." He began to shake. "No reports!" he screamed.

"But there's got to be some kind of—"

The colonel cut him short with an incoherent bellow. He pointed a trembling finger at the captain. "Not another damn word, now. No reports!"

The captain, toying moodily with a pencil, said nothing.

The old man stamped around the room, cursing every time he passed the filled mattress covers.

"The colonel's very upset about reports since that time in Burley," the major said nervously. "Isn't there some other way—?"

The colonel stopped and stared bitterly at the captain. "Do you know what they call this outfit at SHAEF?" His face became purple. "*Veterinarians!*" He began to rave. "As if that isn't enough—now this happens. Three men killed trying to be first into a whore house!" He beat his brow and moaned. "If SHAEF ever hears of this they'll crucify me! They'll leave me here to rot. I'll never get a combat record. Never." He looked despairingly at the ceiling. "Great God Almighty! What did I ever do to deserve this?" He stalked shakily out the door, nostrils quivering.

The major looked anxiously at the bodies on the floor. "We just couldn't bury them in a foxhole, could we? I mean, I suppose, after the war, their folks would want to know why they shouldn't be coming home, wouldn't they?"

"I suppose so," the captain murmured. "Folks are funny that way."

The colonel came back in, bringing a muscular odor of Whitehorse with him. He appeared more than somewhat braced.

"Now let's be sensible about this," he said to the captain. "There must be thousands of dead bodies over there at that station. Why don't you take these over there and slip them in as is? Who'd notice three more?"

The captain looked pained. "There's always an officer in charge of records at these collecting stations," he said. "You just don't dump three stiff on them and walk away. They want to know things, like who in hell they were, what's their outfit—how'd they die. Things like that."

The colonel started to shake again. "There's a regular form for that



sort of thing," the captain said soothingly. "I've already made one out for the Ranger." He handed the form to the colonel. "See? All it shows is name, rank, serial number, outfit—and cause of death, of course."

The colonel examined it suspiciously. "Cause of death: accidental," he read. "Run over by a vehicle." He brightened. "Why, that's fine," he said. "Accidental death. You can't question that—and it's true. The bugger was run over!"

The captain sighed. "But what about our two? How do we explain a bullet in the head?"

"Couldn't we—I mean," the major looked hopeful, "couldn't you put down there that our two were—killed in action?"

The old man gave the major a disgusted look. "Use your head, Goldie! They know damn well this outfit's never been in action."

"A sniper maybe?" Smitty put in politely.

"A *sniper*? Back here?" The colonel gave a short scornful laugh. Then he stopped. His cherry eyes began to glow. "Great God Almighty," he breathed. He held up a hand and in the silence his breath whistled loudly through his hairy nose.

He snapped his bony fingers triumphantly. "They *were* killed by a sniper!" He nudged the Ranger's body with a muddy boot. "How do we know this bugger wasn't a Kraut? Why, this whole area may be crawling with Krauts in disguise right now. It ought to be declared a combat zone—hell, it *will* be once I get a report in."

He pointed a finger at the captain. "Send them over to that collecting station. Write it that they were killed by snipers. Got that? Killed by snipers." He swung the door. "Come on, Goldie, I'll need you." He was almost running when he left the pro station.

Smitty and the captain exchanged glances. "Pretty good footwork," the captain said.

"I was just kidding," Smitty said. "I thought he was stoned; I handed him that sniper line just for a rib."

"He is stoned—he's practically unconscious right now," the captain said. He began scribbling on the forms. "But the old man obviously operates extremely well on the thin edge of consciousness. This is a bold stroke akin to genius."

He tore off the forms and handed them to Smitty. "There you are slugger, the old man's clincher: a casualty report on our two good men and true, killed by sniper fire, all signed and certified."

Smitty read the forms and shook his head admiringly. "He's got more guts than a barrel of tripes," he said. "A zone of combat—back here. Whooee!"

"Don't just stand there gloating," the captain said. "You'd better deliver the proof while the war's still on."

Smitty grinned and bent over Larsen's body, tugging. "Give me a hand, will you?" he grunted. "This guy weighs more than a baby elephant."

"Certainly not," the captain said. He stood up and looked across the street. "Go over there and detail a couple of those hard-up Lotharios." He pointed to the line of men that had already formed again in front of the *maison*. "Take the last in line—they've got a long wait, anyway."



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"Would Madame mind turning around while I sing this telegram . . . ? There seems to be an echo!"

## THE JUDGE

(continued from page 15)

when I was checking in. So I forget the rules about hanging around the bar in uniform, long enough to get invited elsewhere to hear her troubles.

Funny, the way they look for wings when they've got troubles. "Every goddamn night," she wailed, stabbing the ashtray with her cigarette, "my lousy husband waits up for her to come in. I wouldn't mind so much if she got in before twelve o'clock, but I have to go to work in the morning. And I'm tired of going to bed by myself."

I offered a sympathetic, very sympathetic, cluck-cluck at this point, but she wasn't listening.

"He wants to read he says. Well, he doesn't need a fifty-dollar pair of binoculars to read. And she's knock-kneed. So help me, knock-kneed! That's what gets me."

Then she began to get ideas. At the time, three Martinis before the steak, they sounded great; a little elaborate,

maybe, but a good start. So I went along. "Yes," she said, "you be the judge." And we decided it was time to get out of The Blue Mirror.

Now she's still standing there in back of my chair waiting for the nurse to come back, like this game is for keeps, which is getting on my nerves. So I reach for the hand that's playing around with my ear, nervous like. "Look," I say, "why don't you lose a little altitude?" I turn around in the chair so that I can see the dim outline of her face in the light from outside. Where it catches her eyes they seem to glitter like she's about to cry. She's watching the window across the way. I try to lower frequency: "Cathy?"

"Look!" she says. "Here she comes. She's had her shower."

So I give up expecting any short cut and turn around to sweat out the prelims. Then all of a sudden I see what this guy's problem is. Good God! The woman over there is wearing a very wispy cirrus cloud with the loveliest pink lining I've ever

seen, and I've seen cloud formations before.

I get the binoculars adjusted just in time as she bends over a drawer in the chest against the far wall, her hips emerging from the center of this cloud and filling the binoculars so that even the triangle of dimples just above them is visible beneath the sheer stuff—Vicki Duggan go home!

As she turns and moves over toward the vanity, I remember what I'm here for: "Definitely knock-kneed," I mutter. And for this I want an Oscar. Because I am pretty shook up myself at this point. You see, it's Ingrid Calder, the night duty nurse at Coastal Airlines. I've been trying to make out with this queen off and on for two years.

"I told you so," whispers Cathy.

Leaning over the vanity, Ingrid puts a hand out to a little China lamp with a frilly shade, and when it comes on, the soft light suffuses the negligee with a glow as bright and gold as her hair—very lovely but somewhat concealing until she reaches for the lamp on this end of the vanity. Then the negligee parts, and the breast stands full but obviously firm with a pink, bud-type nipple. I'm a little hoarse. I manage, though: "All right," I say, "if you like honeydew. A little ample for my taste."

Behind me Cathy makes a kind of gurgling sound that I take to be satisfaction bordering on hysteria. "I should think so," she whispers. Then with her hand under my chin she snaps my head back and plants a grateful kiss, mostly on the binoculars.

Across the way the overhead light is out now, and in the softer glow of the vanity lamps she's seated before the mirror, her head bowed and slightly turned this way as she removes the pins from the piled hair on top of her head. She's smiling. Then with a toss of her head that would send the track boys running for the parimutuel window, her hair comes lazying, tumbling down like a guy named Midas was there. "Dyed?"

"Of course, darling."

I am beginning to wallow in unoriginal reflections on Life and Compromise, when finally she is through fanning that lovely goddamn fire that cascades halfway down her back and puts the brush down. She leans toward the mirror to a reflection I unfortunately can't see on account of



the angle. She lifts a hand to her face and frowns as though she has found a blemish there. The other hand goes to the throat of her negligee. She drops her hand from her face, sits erect, smiles, and as if satisfied, she rises from the vanity stool. The negligee does not. It is like Venus, I read somewhere, being born from the foam on a wave as the negligee drops in a frothy heap on the stool and she rises to stand naked, full-bodied, glistening in the lamplight before the mirror. The dip of her shoulder as she reaches for the lamp, the shift of her breasts taking on nuances of light and shadow that all spell fullness. . .

Cathy is saying something about a 36 girdle when the lights go out over there—because I couldn't any more—and maybe this is why I am a little hasty in suggesting that she come out from behind the back of the chair and join me in the gutter. I have hold of her hand and she can't very well object because it is a pretty smooth maneuver. Don't get me wrong. I don't go for this rough stuff. It's just that I am a little sore. Her kiss is like something plastic just out of the refrigerator. "Baby," I say, "there's no comparison." I force another kiss and go to work hunting for the zipper.

The plastic splits with a cool, toothy giggle, and she says, "No, Jake. No! Remember our agreement."

"Let's just say the judge is prejudiced, and to hell with our agreement."

She likes this, but she's on her feet now. "No," she says. "I insist, Jake. I want to know."

I make a sound that's like a sigh, only revved up at the end. I resurrect myself from the chair and take a step toward the silhouette in front of me, but all I get hold of is a couple of elbows. She handles like a Piper Cub in a high wind.

"Don't you see, Jake. It's important to me."

So I let her go. I find the lamp beside the chair. Then I go to the drapes and draw 'em, but tight. The cellar-ette, I remember, is at the other end of the room.

She's right behind me. "Jake," she says, "you promised."

I finish mixing the drinks, and I think it all over very carefully, without liking what I arrive at. I, Jake Matthews, have goofed. I give her the

drink and a smile from a long way off. I am reminding myself that she is not a bad looker, if a little thin and probably flat-chested without the falsies she's wearing under the expensive sack type. Her black hair is just in from Italy. "Okay," I say, "I promised."

The next thing I know I am out in the cold, packing a pair of binoculars across a highly moonlit lawn toward Ingrid's ranch-style. Here beneath the shadow of the low overhanging roof, just down from Ingrid's window, I am supposed to station myself for the late show, à la Catherine. I have other ideas. Only thing is, I don't know exactly what they are yet. Because I didn't figure on the binoculars.

I figured to keep on walking, because it doesn't take binoculars to see that Cathy Ashley has rung me in on this show just to tell her that Mr. Ashley is cross-eyed. For this she's willing to pay. But no thanks. I like it for its own sake. Only what do I do with Mr. Ashley's binoculars?

Across the way Catherine is peeling off a stocking like there's Kostelanetz in the background. Probably is. And I am thinking what a helluva lot of harness women wear. I am also a little nervous about what I have just heard in the bedroom at my back. It could have been Ingrid turning in her sleep, a thought that does not make me nervous at all. But it could also have been Ingrid easing over in bed to reach for the telephone or the switch that would drop the floodlights I see now suspended on the inside of the roof. To hell with this, I say. I am getting out of here. Let her explain the binoculars any way she likes.

Then just as I turn to ease along the wall toward the street, a cab drives up and stops in front of the Ashley house, with the headlights lighting up the wall not five feet away from me like he's using this wall to check his alignment. I flatten myself against the leaf-cut and edge along the wall away from the light, wondering what in hell. Then I remember. I got off just before LA was closed in. And Flight 402 was southbound. Now what, for God's sake?

And Ashley turns out to be the type who listens to lonesome cab drivers. The two of them are just sitting there under the dome light, old buddies, nodding, yakking, and



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looking this way. To the left I walk into the headlights. To the right I wake up Ingrid for sure. When I don't get any answer from the tower, I guess I start talking to myself, because first I can hear myself muttering, "Now what, in the name of God . . ."

Then behind me, at the window, I hear a distinctly unsympathetic giggle. "Yes," she whispers, "what *are* you going to do now?"

At first I am so scared I am reaching for my ripcord. But then I like that giggle. I wonder does she know who I am, or not?

"You know you're really quite lucky," she says, enjoying my efforts to make like a chameleon against the wall. "Suppose he'd come in earlier when you two were sitting over there in the dark?"

"I can explain everything."

Her answer is another giggle.

"Look, honey, this conversation is very interesting, but if that driver decides to back up when he turns around I'm a goner." I still don't know if she knows, so I'm not giving any personal data away until I have to.

"Yes, you would. Jake Matthews Coastal Airlines Pilot Arrested for Window Peeping." She has never had so much fun.

"Doll, have a heart. Who keeps you in tequila, duty free? Who brought you earrings and sandals to match. Come on, doesn't this screen raise from the inside. Like I say, I can explain everything."

The answer is all silence. Then desertion. She has retreated to the bed. I can hear the faint whistle of the sheets as she covers herself. And I think I can even hear her laughing to herself. Then when I discover it can be raised from the outside, too, having been cracked just enough, all this time, I understand why.

I make it inside just before the headlights sweep by and Ashley heads up the walk. I watch long enough to see that Ashley is pleasantly shook up when he finds his wife dancing in the nude and that she, though a little surprised, is not unhappy when he doesn't just stand there with his eyes open all over the place. Then I draw the curtains on me and the winner. "Lady, could I interest you in a pair of binoculars?"

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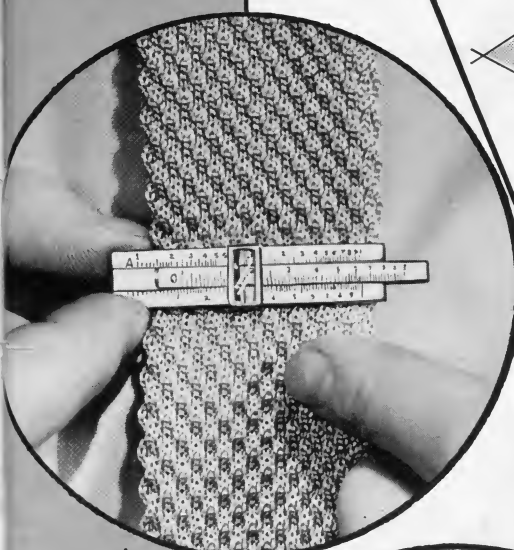
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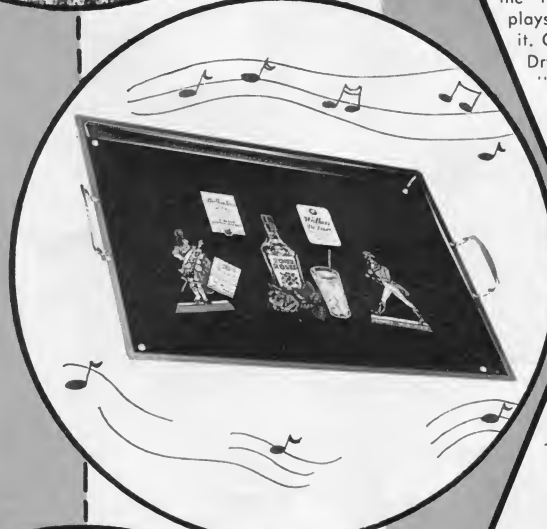
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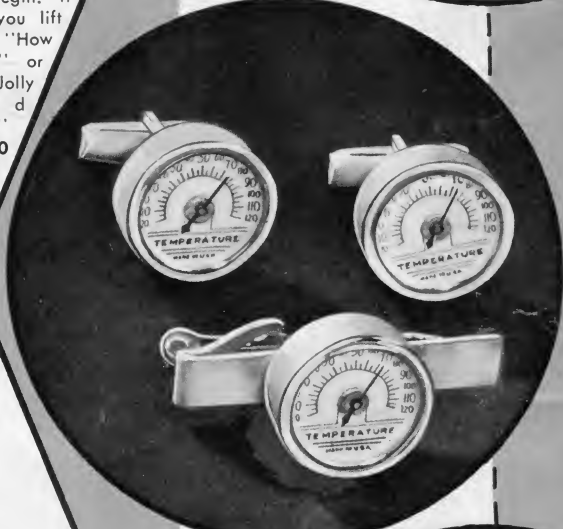
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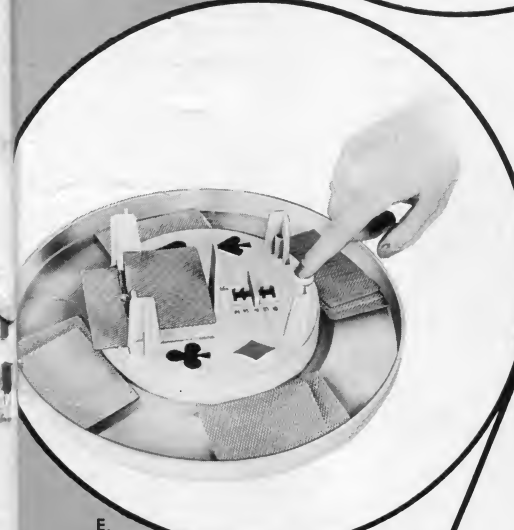
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Slide Rule Tie Clasp	\$ 6.95	Thermometer Cuff Links	\$ 4.95
Pocket Flashlite	5.95	Card-O-Matic	11.95
Musical Tray	10.00	Days of the Week Panties	6.95
Thermometer Tie Bar	2.50	<input type="checkbox"/> S <input type="checkbox"/> M <input type="checkbox"/> L	

Ship to: \_\_\_\_\_  
(name)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

The Custom Line



ENJOY YOUR CUSTOM LINE GIFT

Custom Line Gifts Offer:

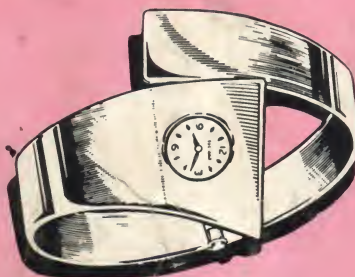
- 1—Postpaid shipments in U.S.A.
- 2—Money back guarantee.
- 3—Immediate shipments.
- 4—Discounts for quantity Purchases.



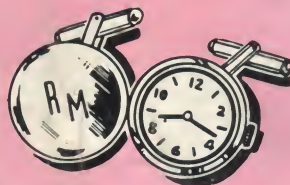
# A Special Offer to Charter Readers of the New Hi-Life

These beautiful Famous Hanover Watches were procured by HI-LIFE especially for YOU and are offered to our readers at a fantastic saving!

Famous Hanover Watches are created by custom designers in Switzerland and are the latest in luxurious fashion and dependability.



**SOPHISTICATE.** You'll be her dream man for real when she receives this breath-taking bracelet watch. Gold Color. **\$16.00** Tax Included



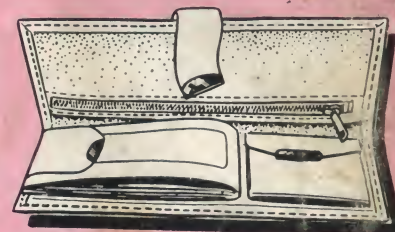
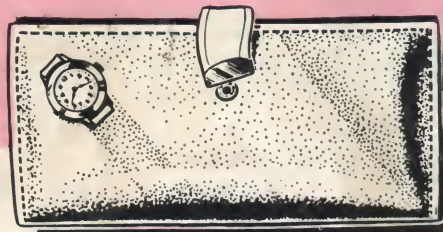
**SOULMATES.** Dig these cuff link watches, and she'll dig you, too. Has a locket that holds 2 pictures . . . yours and hers. Buy two sets . . . one for you and one for her . . . and be soulmates. Gold Color. **\$15.00** Tax Included



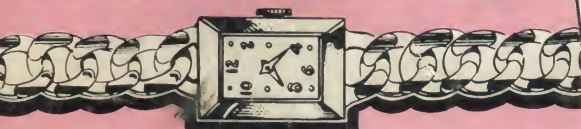
**LOVABELL.** Place this around her neck and take her breath away. This French Type bell watch is irresistible. Gold Color. **\$16.75** Tax Included



**SPORTY.** Sure, she's a "pal", but why stop at that? Give her this stunning sports watch and watch her speed. Gold color with black suede strap. **\$12.50** Tax Included



**JEZABEL.** They call this a touch purse, because it opens the way for future touches. She'll love it (the purse). Has a place for bills, identification and coins. Best of all, there's a built-in but removable watch she can also wear on her belt. Purse in black or white. **\$14.50** Tax Included



**ADONIS.** Be her slave and enjoy yourself. She'll swoon when she sees how masculine this famous slave bracelet watch makes you. Silver color. **\$20.00** Tax Included

**WE KNOW WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND.  
SO WHY WAIT? OBEY THAT IMPULSE.  
GET RESULTS FAST!**

USE THIS HANDY COUPON TO ORDER

HI-LIFE MAGAZINE  
48 W. 48th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Please send me the following watches:

WATCH	QUANTITY	PRICE*	TOTAL
SOPHISTICATE	.....	\$16.00	\$.....
SPORTY	.....	\$12.50	\$.....
SOULMATES	.....	\$15.00	\$.....
ADONIS	.....	\$20.00	\$.....
LOVABELL	.....	\$16.75	\$.....
JEZABEL	.....	\$14.50	\$.....

Check Black ☐ or White ☐

The amount of \$..... is enclosed.

Name .....

Address .....

\*Tax Included. Send cash, check or money order.

**EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR**  
**ANTI-MAGNETIC SWISS MOVEMENTS**  
**ELECTRONICALLY TIMED GIFT BOXED**  
**NON-TARNISHABLE CASES**